

The Sketch

No. 1332.—Vol. CIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



AT NATURE'S MIRROR: DUNCAN DANCERS AT A FÊTE.

Our photograph shows some of the famous Isadora Duncan Dancers as they were seen recently at a fête at Long Island.

Photograph by Count J. de Stroeh.



BY KEBBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

After Four Years.

Despite all that has happened, all that one has gone through, all the tragedies and comedies that need not be dwelt upon to-day—despite all these things, it seems a month ago.

The August sun blazed down upon a tiny village on the East Coast. A motor-car, many miles from home, and shortly to be in urgent need of petrol, had halted outside the village inn. I had borrowed, for some purpose which I forgot, a spanner from the ostler.

A tin plate, sticking at right angles from the door of the inn-yard, pleaded with one to buy petrol. I yielded. With the air of one conferring a boon, I instructed the ostler to tip a couple of tins into the tank.

The ostler stared, shrugged his shoulders, and slowly shook his head. (Try all these gestures in the order named and you will feel very like an English ostler brought suddenly face to face with a lunatic.)

"Haven't you got any?" I said.

"Only about sixteen gallons," said the ostler.

"Well, I don't want sixteen gallons. I'm only asking for four."

"And what about my regular customers? Must keep what I got for them."

"But you'll have plenty more in to-morrow or the next day!"

"Plenty more? 'Aven't you 'eard?"

"Heard what?"

"Don't you know there's a petrol famine on?"

And that was how the news that we were at war came to me.

The Daily Thrill.

How swiftly, after that, the great events

seemed to happen. Each day brought its thrill. Thousands of people, I suppose, have kept their newspapers with the thick headlines all across the page. The wide seas were often in the picture in those early days. We were busily sweeping them up, and the Navy was gay.

It was about this time, too, that the German Navy was sunk fairly frequently. Nice old gentlemen would stop one in the street.

"Heard the news?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Not about the battle in the North Sea?"

"Not a word. What happened?"

"Eighteen large German cruisers sunk. A friend of mine had it on the telephone from a friend in London. I don't know who the friend is, but he's evidently a man in the know."

"Splendid! The war can't last much longer!"

"Heavens, no! All be over in a week or two! Good-morning!"

And he would toddle off to spread the story quicker than a prairie fire. We never sank any small cruisers, you may remember—always large ones. And the "man in the know" was a new person. We believed in him. He was having his day.

The "Man in the Know" was never lynched. Let him show his face now!

Giants in Those Days.

Those were the days, if you remember, of giants. Anybody could be a giant by shouting loudly enough. You had only to get on a three-legged stool and bellow out, "I know! I understand the situation! I can tell you what the Germans are up to! I'm the chap to rally round!" and glory was yours. Silly geese flocked to your standard. And they remained faithful until somebody appeared with a higher stool and a louder voice. Oh, yes; the early days of the war were picnic days for the blusterers.

Everybody was looking for a "strong man." The country, of course, was full of strong men, but nobody could find one. Obviously, it could not be a man you knew personally. Equally obviously, it could not be a politician. Politicians were caricatured in *Punch*, and a man caricatured in *Punch* could not command the confidence of the nation at such a time.

Why not a "business man"? There was a great hunt for the ideal business man to take hold of things and run the war. Nobody was quite certain why a business man, or what sort of a business man. There were millions of business men, and very successful business men, but nobody could hit on quite the right business man. He must look the part. He must not be fat. The nation would not entrust its fortunes to a fat man. He must be thin, for choice, and clean-shaven, with dark hair. He must look keen. He must have a sharp manner, and talk in the staccato style—"What? Yes! No! Get out! Next!" We pined for a man like that.

The Great Food Problem.

And through all this, and almost dominating the minds of a certain section of the public, ran the food scare. They had suddenly remembered that England was an island—that food came over the sea in ships. What if the ships did not arrive? The food would give out! We should starve! Horrors!

A rush set in for food in tins—food that you could put in the loft and hoard until the country was actually starving. Then you would, presumably, reap the benefit of your foresight. When other people were enduring the tortures of the damned, when the man next door (who never

had a ha'porth of foresight, the silly ass!) was screaming for a crust, you would sneak into your loft and have cold tongue, and some pressed beef, and a nice helping of tinned fruit.

You would get fat, of course, in comparison with your neighbours, but that could not be avoided. If your neighbour became suspicious, and accused you of having secret stores, you would say that your plump condition was due to a strange disease—foresightitis, or something of that sort.

Well, well, well! Most of those silly days have gone; and the Hun, at the moment, is getting it precisely in the centre of the neck. He is a very unhappy person. Try as I will, I can see no hope for him. He had not to look for a "strong man" in those early days. He got the "strong man" first, and the "strong man" brought the war in his pocket.

Beware your self-avowed "strong man," friend the reader.



A POPULAR ENTERTAINER IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY:
MISS GWENDOLINE FARRAR.

Miss Farrar, who is the third daughter of the late Sir George Farrar, of Bedford, Province of Transvaal, Union of South Africa, has been to France with Miss Lena Ashwell, to entertain the troops. She is an accomplished musician and entertainer—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

A TRIO OF MARRIAGES : BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS, AND GUESTS.



LIEUT.-COLONEL PRIDEAUX-BRUNNE AND MISS GREY-EGERTON.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Prideaux-Brunne, D.S.O., and Miss Cecely Alice Grey-Egerton were married on July 30, at St Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride is the only daughter of Major Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, of Oulton



CAPTAIN GUY PELHAM-CLINTON AND MISS TOLLEMACHE.

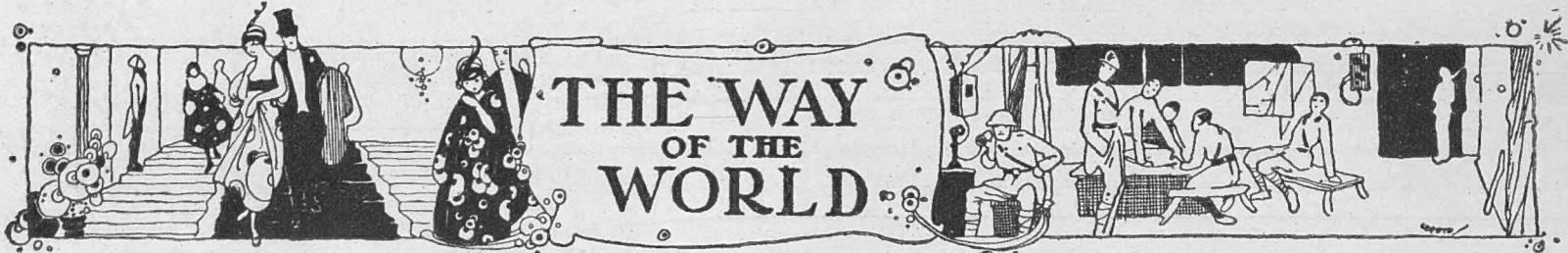
Park, who gave her away.—Captain Guy Pelham-Clinton, M.C., R.E., was married on July 30, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Miss Hermione Tollemache, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tollemache.



A BRIDEGROOM WHO ESCAPED FROM GERMANY—AND HIS BRIDE : COL. FEATHERSTONE BRIGGS, D.S.O.—MISS VIOLET LONG ; GUESTS.

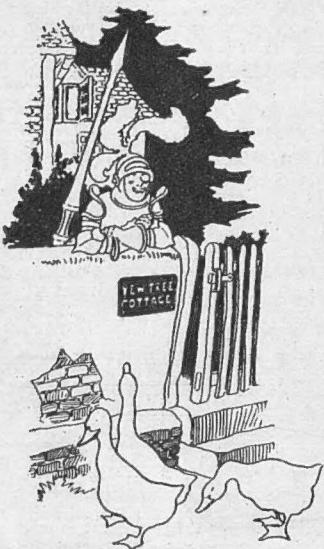
Much interest was taken on Saturday, July 27, in the marriage, at St. Michael-le-Belfrey Church, York, of Colonel Edward Featherstone Briggs, D.S.O., and Miss Violet Long, daughter of Mrs. Ernest Long, of York. The church was circled over by aeroplanes during the ceremony, recalling

the fact that in November 1914 the bridegroom was taken prisoner after bombing Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen, and escaped in April last year. Miss Long was finishing her education at Dresden, and escaped into Holland disguised as a Dutch girl. She is a member of the W.R.A.F.



Society and "Coq d'Or."

there was a predominance of black, and one of the most prominent of the black beauties was Lady Islington. Another one charming in black (or anything else that she wears) was our one and only Lady Diana Manners. She had a black head-dress atop of her black tulle dress, and looked so sweet and girlish that one might have imagined that she had never seen a Press photographer. A dash of colour in green and gold was provided by Lady Juliet Duff.



BEXHILL—CIRCA 1066.

"Yew Tree Cottage, Bexhill, where, according to local tradition, William the Conqueror stayed a night on the eve of the Battle of Hastings, has been demolished."

mann music quite restful. As for the rest, the Byronic gloom was simply overpowering, and I can well advise any person who is particularly anxious to commit suicide to visit "Manfred." It is impossible to think of a more powerful stimulant. However, the audience was distinctly interesting. The Duchess of Marlborough, wearing the usual black, was conspicuous in a box. I noticed that she was wearing a bunch of white flowers at her waist. How dare anybody who wants to be in the fashion wear anything but black nowadays? Mrs. Montague Porch, black as black could be, was also present. You will know whom I mean if I remind you that newspaper people generally make the mistake of calling Mrs. Porch Lady Randolph Churchill.

"Manfred" and Piccadilly.

her that I had been once interesting. The Baroness told me that her house in Piccadilly once belonged to the poet, and the library in which she worked was once his library. It is an interesting link with the past.

Rudyard's Latest.

Rudyard Kipling—who, I hear, was amused by my description of

I saw any number of picturesque folk at Drury Lane the other night for the final performance of "Coq d'Or." As is usual in these days, there was a predominance of black, and one of the most prominent of the black beauties was Lady Islington. Another one charming in black (or anything else that she wears) was our one and only Lady Diana Manners. She had a black head-dress atop of her black tulle dress, and looked so sweet and girlish that one might have imagined that she had never seen a Press photographer. A dash of colour in green and gold was provided by Lady Juliet Duff.

Lady Juliet. All the black about the house reminded me of the fact that last year I saw Lady Juliet Duff in mourning for her mother, Lady Ripon. She had not gone in for the new style of mourning, after the French vogue, but was quiet, simple, old-fashioned, and English. Lady Juliet, who was the Commandant at the Coulter Hospital, has done any amount of war work, and has also managed to keep her activities out of the papers. Wonderful woman!

At "Manfred."

I went to see "Manfred," and found the Schumann music quite restful. As for the rest,



THANKS FOR THE AMERICAN FOOD CONTROLLER: MR. HOOVER RECEIVES.

The other day, parcels of letters were laid at the feet of Mr. Hoover. They conveyed one hundred thousand thanks from the Children of Great Britain to the Children of the United States for the self-denial at their food-tables of those youngsters on the other side of the Herring Pond. The children here seen with Mr. Hoover expressed the gratitude of their comrades officially.

Photograph by Topical.

I met the Baroness d'Erlanger in Piccadilly the other day, and she asked me if I had seen and heard "Manfred" at Drury Lane. I told

him in these columns, when he walked over Westminster Bridge in a mid-Victorian frock-coat and a real Victorian top-hat—sends me word that he is writing his impressions of the American soldiers. He was quite eloquent the other day at Winchester, when he opened a new Y.M.C.A.

Hut for Officers. And, afterwards, he talked in the vernacular of the Yanks.

A Reporter's Bad Day.

One of the Winnipeg papers prints an amusing bit of reminiscence by a reporter who, when a callow youth, interviewed Mr. Kipling on his visit to Winnipeg some years ago. He approached Kipling before

he had left the car, and when he was "mildly peering" at the town, and asked him the stock question: "What do you think of our city?" Mr. Kipling turned gravely round and said, "My young friend, as I have not yet got out of my car, I do not see that any impressions I may have formed of Winnipeg would be of any interest to anybody. As to my opinions of other matters, those that I think worth while I give in my books. I have played for every end of this newspaper game myself, so I do not think you need waste your time. Every reporter has his failures and his successes. You can put down this morning's assignment as one of your failures."

Certain Sure! The best story I know about Kipling is concerned with the

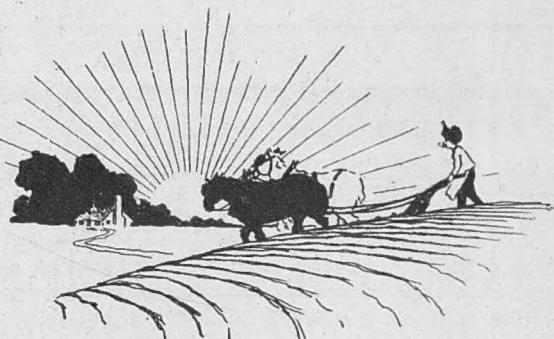
phrase, "Are you sure?" Recently he was a guest at a literary dinner at which, besides several leading authors, were a great many men who knew something about literature, and tried to make up for what they lacked by a good deal of pretence. Trying to hold

Kipling's attention, one of these started a discussion concerning the spelling and pronunciation of the English language.

"Have you ever noticed, Mr. Kipling," he said, "that in the entire English language there are only two words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh,' and that these two are 'sumach' and 'sugar'?" Having made an exhaustive study of the subject, you may take it from me that this is so." Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him. Assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he quietly asked "Are you sure?"

The Duchess Leaves.

The other evening I saw the Duchess of Abercorn rushing off with her family from Hampden House, Green Street, Park Lane; for the more rural delights of Baronscourt, Newtown, County Tyrone. I was present at the



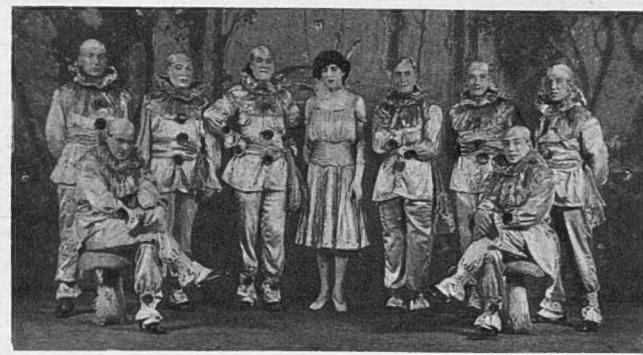
FROM POMADE TO PLOUGHSHARE.

"Speaking at Leeds, Mr. Prothero stated that there were 300,000 women on the land, 51,000 men, and 12,000 German prisoners. He knew of a hair-dresser in one part of the country who, in a few months, had become a skilled ploughman."



JOY LOBBYING.

"There has been a notable influx of lady visitors to the Lobby lately, and they are not of the usual frumpish variety."



AND "QUEENIE": THE DIAMOND TROUPE.

It will be recalled that the Diamond Troupe had a great success at the Court Theatre. They belong to the famous 29th Division, who have won glory in Gallipoli and in France. "Queenie"—a private in the R.A.M.C.—is an excellent "premiere danseuse."



TO THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE FALLEN IN THE GREAT WAR: THE MEMORIAL JUST SET UP AT HESTON.

Photograph by Sport and General.

She hopes to go North with her husband next month, to a regular northern town; and has promised to visit Berwick, where the Countess Zia Wernher has taken a house for September.

St. Serfs in the Market. There is no end to the charitable activities of our Peerage in war-time. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, whom I met last week on her return from France, tells me that she has been putting St. Serfs, her house at Roehampton, in the market. She has been so busy on war-work in France that I can quite understand that she has no time for a super-suburban house near town.

By the way, everybody who is anybody seems to be going out to Kingston Hill just now.

Chief Secretary.

Hearing that there was an Irish night at the House of Commons, and remembering that there was nothing on at the National Sporting Club—for I love a scrap—I went down to Westminster to see some fun. I was not disappointed, although Mr. John Dillon, who made a very long speech, was in his very dreariest mood—and that's saying a lot. Mr. Shortt, appointed by Providence or some other sympathetic agency as Chief Secretary for Ireland, came up to the table as jolly as a sandboy. "He's



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT AN INSPECTION.

Official Photograph.

the happiest-looking Chief Secretary I have ever seen!" exclaimed an enthusiastic Liberal in the Lobby. "Ah, wait until we have had him for a few months," replied a Nationalist M.P. whose name you all know well. As a matter of fact, Chief Secretaries for Ireland don't look happy for long.

Teddie Fit as a Fiddle. I was very glad to see Miss Teddie Gerard back at the Comedy Theatre last week. She has been absent for some time, owing to a rather serious illness, but is now quite herself again. I went into Teddie's dressing-room the other evening, which is just about as difficult to get at as are the Royal Apartments in Buckingham Palace, and she remarked, "I am feeling as fit as a fiddle now." I wonder if anybody knows what this old phrase really means.



THE DEAR, KIND KAISER!

"Having heard that a widow named Meyer, of Delmenhorst, Oldenburg, has lost all her nine sons in the war, the Kaiser has sent her a letter: 'His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition has been pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature.' The widow asks for financial assistance, as she is compelled to beg."

To me it is just as inexplicable as "mad as a hatter."

The Duchess of Westminster Runs.

The Duchess of Westminster has run down to Boscombe, and run into a delightful house, and she is going to keep running there until the end of the month. When I saw her running in London to catch a train, she told me that she was out of house and home. This cryptic remark, being properly interpreted, means that her hospital in France, which has been open for three years—and had, I believe, accommodation for over two hundred patients—has had to be closed, owing to the Huns' fondness for dropping bombs from the air on such establishments.

The Duchess of

Westminster
Runs.



WITH EGGS AT THEIR PRESENT PRICE, TOO!

"A snake's nest containing 264 eggs has been discovered in the gardens of Lady Margaret Cecil, at Oakdown, Burwash Common, Sussex." — A strictly imaginary drawing of the event.



COURT NEWS.

"The Earl of Crawford raised a smile when he remarked that one had only to go along any street and look into the dustbins to see what was going on."

Esher Place. Lady D'Abernon has invited me down to Esher Place. Whilst being flattered by the invitation, I can see no good purpose in my accepting it, as the only persons who go to Esher Place in these days are those who are recuperating from wounds. I hear there was a very charming little

week-end party there lately, with plenty of tennis. Certainly, Esher Place has one of the finest grass-courts in the country. And the value of possessing such a place is without question a matter for real congratulation in these stressful days.



A GOOD EXAMPLE FROM THE OTHER SIDE FRONT! WAR-SAVINGS.

The photograph shows a Canadian salvage dump. Note that one Division alone has saved material worth \$655,704 dollars since the first of this year.—[Canadian War Records.]

other—either Mr. Bottomley or Mr. Havelock Wilson or Mr. Billing or Mr. Somebody Else—is said to be threatening the "gloomy" Dean with violence unless the trophy is removed.

A Glyn Wedding.

Margot Elinor Glyn,

daughter of the immortal authoress of "Three Weeks," is to be married to Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, who won the D.S.O. I am sure Mrs. Glyn will prove to be a charming and vivacious mamma on this occasion. Has she still got that delightful pavilion which used to be attached to her home in Essex? The rooms, if I remember rightly, were named after the seasons; and everything was very soulful. However, I never saw a tiger run there! Miss Margot Glyn will be overwhelmed with good wishes.

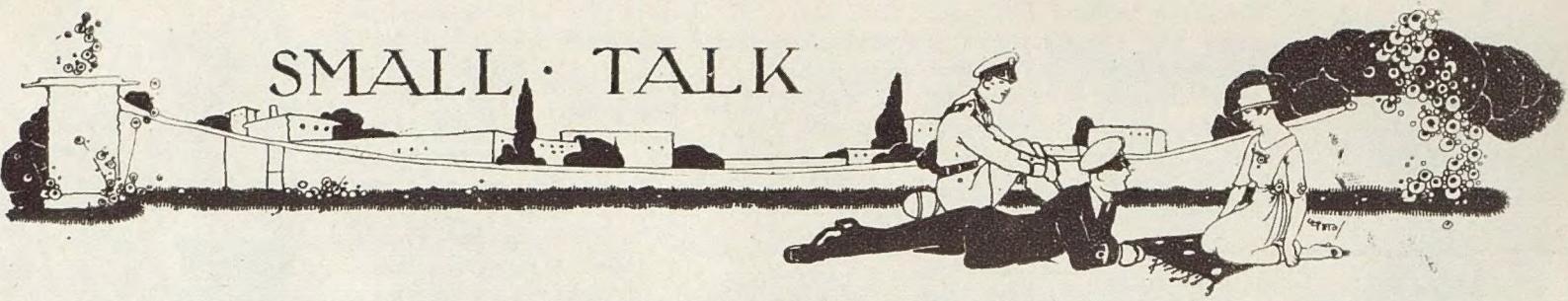


NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY THE STERNER—AND, NOW, BLUER—SEX: NEW UNIFORMS FOR THE W.R.A.F. On the left is seen an officer and on the right a "Tommy"; or, should it be Thomasina?

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

THE WORLDLING.

SMALL TALK



WILL Lady Rhondda assert her right to a seat in the House of Lords, or will she, like the two dozen or so other women each of whom is a Peeress in her own right, be content to have no share in the political direction of her country? Lady Rhondda herself has given no clue as to the course she intends to follow, but it hardly seems likely that so ardent a supporter of the principle of the equality of the sexes as her Ladyship has proved herself to be will meekly submit to the non-recognition of her existence as a "person." The House of Lords, as the upholder of old traditions, ought to be the last to object to her claim. Both Henry III. and Edward I. admitted women to the councils of the nation without the country being any the worse for it.

Another Club. Lord Brassey's decision to give 24, Park Lane as a club for British, Dominion, American, and Allied officers adds another to the list of notable London houses now devoted to war causes. Sunderland House, Grosvenor House, and Lady Naylor Leyland's lovely home in Knightsbridge, are a few of the others in which office furniture replaces peace-time treasures that any connoisseur might envy. The owners of beautiful homes have offered them freely for national uses since the war, but the Brassey family probably holds the record in this respect. The late Earl made over Chapelwood Manor for the benefit of the wounded, himself moving into a smaller house near Crowborough; and "Normanhurst" is a word of pleasant memories to plenty of men who owe restored health and strength to the comfort and attention they received as guests of the then Lord and Lady Hythe at their Sussex home. Now 24, Park Lane, the home of the first Lord Brassey's Sunbeam trophies, has been added to the family's contribution to war necessities. Philanthropy seems responsible for the conversion to war purposes of almost as many houses as the Government's much-criticised "commandeering" system.



SOME IRISH WAR-WORKERS: SIR CHARLES AND LADY BARRINGTON.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Barrington, in the early days of the war, drove a motor ambulance in France. He is now in charge of recruiting in his district, County Tipperary. Lady Barrington, before her marriage, was Miss Mary Rose Bacon, sister of Sir Hickman Bacon, eleventh Baronet of Redgrave. Their daughter, Miss Winifred Barrington, is a V.A.D. worker at Queen Mary's Auxiliary Hospital, Roehampton.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

was Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Calcutta, and in his later years took a great deal of interest in Local Government matters in Wiltshire. The opponent of Mr. Isaacs made his political début by beating Mr. Walter Long for East Wilts in 1895.



ENGAGED: MISS G. D. TAYLOR-RESTELL.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS VIOLET K. DE RINZY.



ENGAGED: MISS RENÉE BURGOYNE DOYLEY.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS FELICIA STEWART.

Miss Taylor-Restell, whose engagement to Major E. W. Hughes, D.S.O., M.C., of the London Regiment, is announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Scutari Taylor-Restell, of Pembroke Lodge, The Boltons, S.W.—Miss Violet Kathleen de Rinzy, whose engagement to Mr. J. W. O. Scott-Russell, Grenadier Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Scott-Russell, of Holland Street, W., is announced, is the only daughter of the late Colonel G. C. De Rinzy, Commandant of the Local Forces, British Guiana, and Mrs. De Rinzy, of Cromwell Road, S.W.—Miss Doyley, whose engagement to Captain (T. Lieut.-Col.) Cyril Lomax, M.C., the Welsh Regiment, eldest

son of Mrs. Towle, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, and of the late Captain D. A. N. Lomax, is announced, is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Burgoynes Doyley, of Atherley, Farndon Road, Oxford. Miss Doyley has been working at Headquarters Staff Army and Navy Canteen Board.—Miss Stewart, whose engagement to Major W. Headfort Brooke, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, son of the late Mr. John Monk Brooke and Mrs. Guy Wyndham, is announced, is the only daughter of the late Mr. James Graham Stewart, and Mrs. Stewart, of The Grove, Exton, Bishops Waltham, Hampshire.—[Photographs by Vandyk, Bassano, and Lallie Charles.]

Another Brontë Centenary. People have found time, war or no war, to celebrate the centenary of Emily Brontë, author of "Wuthering Heights," the book which Mr. Chesterton has happily said "might have been written by

an eagle." Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has put the matter in another form by calling her "the sphinx of literature." Swinburne considered her the greatest genius of the Brontë family. But I wonder, despite the cheap editions, whether there are as many people who read this extraordinary story as those who still revel in "Jane Eyre." The latter is a novel with an obvious thrill for the million. The weird atmosphere of "Wuthering Heights" appeals, one would imagine, to a more select taste. But the appeal of books altogether is a great mystery. Many great thinkers are never really so happy as with a detective story; and one sees in tram-cars people who are quite obviously not great thinkers engrossed in the *Reflections of Marcus Aurelius* or the *Confessions of St. Augustine*.

Lord Lansdowne and Lotteries.

The harmlessness of Lord Lansdowne's Bill to legalise charity lotteries for the term of the war should in itself disarm the critics, but it certainly has the advantage of a thoroughly irreproachable sponsor. Lord Lansdowne is one of the few great territorial magnates who take only the most platonic interest in the race-course, and he can hardly be imagined making a book. The fact that a great part of the best years of Lord Lansdowne's life was spent abroad might be an explanation. But Lord Fitzmaurice, his brother, is equally free from sporting proclivities.

Verdict for the Defendant.

Sir Charles Hobhouse, who gained the verdict in the action for libel brought against him by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, comes of a family long and honourably connected with India. His father, Sir Charles Parry Hobhouse,

was Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Calcutta, and in his later years took a great deal of interest in Local Government matters in Wiltshire. The opponent of Mr. Isaacs made his political début by beating Mr. Walter Long for East Wilts in 1895.

Mr. Long was injudicious enough to be confident before the event. He was defeated, and had to go to Bristol for a seat. By an irony not uncommon in politics, Sir Charles Hobhouse had to follow him to Bristol some years later.

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF SOCIETY : NEW PORTRAITS.



1. ENGAGED TO LT.-COL. CECIL FANE: MISS GLADYS MACGEORGE.
3. DAUGHTER OF LADY WARWICK: LADY MARJORIE BECKETT.

Miss Gladys MacGeorge, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Fane, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lancers, has been announced, is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Stanley Barry, of Pitsford Hall, Northampton.—Lady Marian Hastings (now Lady Marian Keith Cameron) is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon. Her marriage to Captain Keith Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, has just been announced.—Lady Marjorie Beckett is the elder

2. AN EARL'S DAUGHTER MARRIED: LADY MARIAN HASTINGS.
4. THE DAYANG MUDA OF SARAWAK: A NEW PORTRAIT.

of the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, and widow of the Earl of Feversham, who was killed in the war in 1916. Lady Marjorie, in 1917, married Captain the Hon. William Gervase Beckett, M.P., an uncle of Baron Grimthorpe.—Mrs. Bertram Brooke, Dayang Muda of Sarawak, is the wife of Captain Bertram Brooke, R.H.A., who, as the Yuan Muda (Heir-Presumptive) of Sarawak, has recently gone out to join his brother.

THE ANNALS OF ARTEMAS

By the Author of "The Book of Artemas."

AS was only to be expected, so great a War was not without its effect upon the social life of the Island.

Slowly, yet remorselessly, changes began to take place in the simple existences of the people.

The aristocracy of labour became firmly established for all time, and a new plutocracy was recruited from the same source.

Munitioners, tradespeople, and subordinate Government officials vied with each other in subjecting their undistinguished brothers to all the consequences of a World War.

And new gradations of Society were prescribed by the Associated Trades and Trades Unions upon a basis more in conformity with the spirit of the times.

In the early days, before the public had become used to the changed conditions, some little consternation was caused when it became known that a much respected Dowager Duchess had been refused the glad nod by a powerful Piccadilly fishmonger.

But it is only fair to say that such a display of arrogance was by no means common, and a contrary instance may be cited of a certain Smithfield Salesman who obtained a cushy job for a once noble patron on the inside staff of a cold meat store (of national importance).

A determined effort, inspired by a rumoured shipping shortage, was made by the country's shopkeepers, seconded—some say, led—by the proprietors of restaurants and hotels, to do away with the consumption of food.

The system employed was the very natural one of raising the prices of commodities until they reached a point which was theoretically prohibitive.

In practice, however, the system was proved a failure.

Neither men nor women found themselves able to break away from their long-established habit of eating, and they turned up, humble and apologetic, with disconcerting regularity—eager victims, anxious to be fleeced.

A somewhat similar attempt was made to induce the public to give up clothes, and—shame to tell!—the main attack in this instance was directed against the women, who depended upon the smartness of their toggiery for so many little things.

Milliners and costumiers combined together to place the decent covering naturally demanded by womanly modesty beyond the reach of all save the very wealthy.

But woman, undaunted, rose to the occasion, and, by keeping the noses of

their lawful providers close to the grindstone, invariably succeeded in obtaining a sufficiency of apparel which, in many cases, extended quite as far as the jumpy sinew just below the knee.

Indeed, it was no uncommon sight, even when times were at their worst, to see some delicious maiden sauntering airily up Regent Street, clad in all her glad rags and looking decidedly swish.

Yes, notwithstanding her difficulties, if anything was missing from the attire of the average woman, it was certainly not apparent to the eye of the ordinary beholder.

Influenced, no doubt, by this state of affairs, the Government sat up, began to take notice, and decided to tax any articles of feminine wear which fell within the general term, "luxuries."

A strong Committee of both sexes

made of the growth, and eventual abolition, of the joy ride.

The joy ride vogue commenced in quite a small way, and is supposed to have been the invention of a subaltern in the A.S.C.

The habit flourished amazingly, and soon every motorist in the British Army—with the exception of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, who proved an alibi—might be seen any Saturday afternoon on the main road to Brighton, seated in a posh car, and accompanied by his very own special little tit-bit of fluff.

Such carryings-on were bound to deplete the petrol supplies of the country; in addition to this, they threatened to break the hearts of the Army Council.

Stringent measures were therefore taken, and the joy ride was abolished for the duration.

In consequence of the prodigal consumption of petrol by the joy riders, it became necessary to conserve the few gallons that were still available.

All taxi-drivers were accordingly put on petrol rations, being given an extra sixpence with each new fare as a measure of compensation.

The rations, unfortunately, were so small that it was no longer possible for a driver to proceed much further than from Oxford Street to Piccadilly Circus without readjustment of his flag or the promise of a special bonus.

And a prospective fare was rightly ticked-off if his destination took him away from this area or off the driver's route for home.

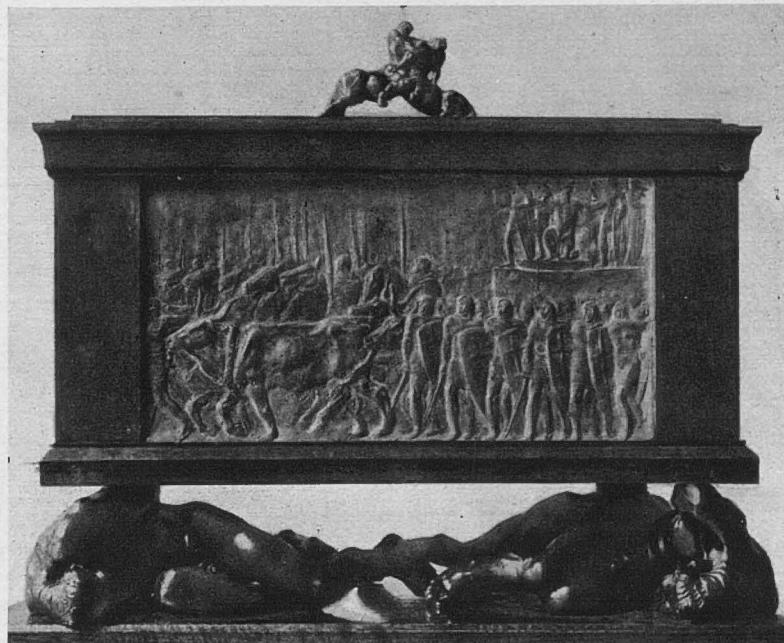
The question of petrol being thus satisfactorily disposed of, the Government next concentrated its attention on the taxation of the people's pleasures.

Realising that the word "pleasure" has a very different signification in Leicester Square to what it has, say, in Hackney Road Congregational Chapel, it was decided to impose the tax on any show which was successful in getting money from the public.

Pathetic performances, excruciatingly rendered—without mercy, although in the name of charity—by oft-pictured ladies of Society, were, by Grace of Parliament, deceptively classed as "public entertainments."

Whilst young and ardent couples, sloppily seated hand-in-hand in the darkest row of the cinema, were brutally informed that the price of such ecstasy had gone up twopence in the shilling.

Thus were the simple lives of a simple race disturbed by the stress of a great War.



FROM 400,000 OF THE PEOPLE OF ROME TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE:
THE GOLD-AND-BRONZE COFFER CONTAINING THE ADDRESS.

The coffer was presented on the Fourteenth of July. It is of gold and bronze, and contains a sympathetic address to the French people, with the signatures of 400,000 of the people of Rome—some 8000 pages in all. All grades of society are represented. The casket is the work of Arthur Dassé.

was at once appointed to consider the meaning of the word.

Embarrassing discussions followed between the opposing sides. The men, on the one hand, contended that stockings beyond the length of socks should be taxed in respect of this excess.

Whilst the women, on the other hand, insisted that the men should be content with shorts, and that the vanity of long trousers ought to be sternly discouraged by a heavy imposition.

Absorbed in the intricacies of these subtle arguments, it is not surprising that the Committee forgot the purposes for which it was formed. And it is highly debatable whether any decision was even actually reached.

In discussing the changes brought about by the War, mention must certainly be

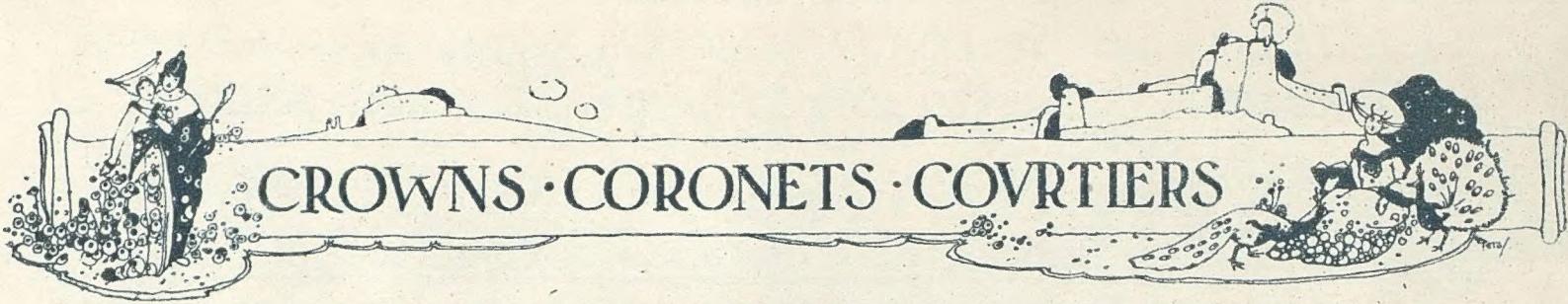
ENGAGED: A SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF WILTON.



To Marry Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Duguid McCombie:
Miss Flora Petersen.

Miss Flora Petersen, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Duguid McCombie, Dragoons, of East Skene and Lynturk, Aberdeenshire, has just been announced, is the youngest daughter of Mr. William Petersen, of 80, Portland Place, and of Eigg, Inverness-shire, and the

late Mrs. William Petersen. Miss Flora Petersen's sister, Miss Brenda Petersen, it will be remembered, was married last year to the seventh Earl of Wilton, who is an officer in the Royal Navy, and served in the European War in 1914-15.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



THE Duke of Connaught has come more than ever into his own. To a wide circle of friends and of those brought into official relations with him he has long been appreciated for his wisdom, his courage, his correct and chivalrous conduct in all the relations of private and public life. But the new needs and opportunities created by the war have found a new response in the case of the Duke of Connaught. Every day has brought him a public duty, and he has performed it without fuss, without ostentation, and with the good-will and the graciousness that are with him no surface assumptions. A multitude of persons with whom the Duke has lately come into contact have no means of expressing to him their great obligations, and it is in response to requests from some of these that this acknowledgment is made now and here.



AN OFFICER'S WIFE: MRS. BARKER-HAHLO.

Mrs. Barker-Hahlo is the wife of Major Barker-Hahlo, North Somerset Yeomanry, and was, before her marriage, well known as the eldest daughter of the late Sir Reginald Beauchamp. She is interested in various benevolent efforts necessitated by the war.

Photograph by Yevonde.

batants, effected by the war. She married Sir Humphrey Mackworth, looking forward to a quiet domestic and business life with which the outer public had little or no concern. This programme seemed to be both possible and pleasant; but when she became a passenger on the *Lusitania*, and was picked up for dead floating on a deck-chair, her privacy came to an end. Then the war transformed her father, the David Alfred Thomas of old House of Commons days, into a Food Controller, and incidentally into a Viscount, with remainder to his daughter. That his health, affected in the first place by his own *Lusitania* experiences, finally broke down under the strain of his duty as Rationer-in-Chief to his fellow-countrymen is on record. And Lady Mackworth became Lady Rhondda, a peeress in her own right.

"The Business Lady."

The new Viscountess is, in her way, an excellent woman of business. Her father was accustomed to talk over all his financial affairs with her, and valued her judgment, he said, more than any man's but his own. She became a director of twenty-six companies—a unique record among members of her sex. She is chairman (she will not allow the word chairwoman) of one company. So it was the highly trained brain of a business woman that the Government acquired when, a few months ago, it appointed her the Chief Controller of Women's Recruiting. If women succeed in getting into the House of Commons, peeresses in their own right will insist on seats in the House of Lords—and Ladies. And in that contingency Lady Rhondda, the prophets say, will make a great position of her own.



WIFE OF A PRISONER OF WAR: MRS. BESLEY.

Mrs. Besley is the wife of Captain Maurice Besley, R.E., well known as the author of "Buckshee," a successful revue, produced last year in France by "The Pedlars." He is now a prisoner of war at Mainz. Mrs. Besley is a skilful motor-driver.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

Washington Post. The game of General Post, popular in America and played by inhabitants of London's great houses, has been fitly joined in by the American Ambassador, who has gone from Grosvenor Square to Belgrave Square, where he now occupies No. 17, formerly the residence of Mr. Pandeli Ralli, who had for neighbours the Duke of Bedford on one side, and on the other his Excellency the Austrian Ambassador. The Duke of Bedford's two adjoining houses in Belgrave Square followed the fashion of Lord Lonsdale's brace of houses in Carlton House Terrace. But the difficulty now is not how to get into one house, but how to keep up even one house of over a certain manageable size. You cannot fit a square into round holes—into the holes of any shape which the Treasury finds it necessary to make in the purses of the poor rich.

Another flutter from Grosvenor Square is Mrs. W. K. D'Arcy, who will now stay at Stanmore Hall.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER: LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE.

Lady Oranmore and Browne is the wife of the third Baron, and, before her marriage, in 1901, was Lady Olwen Verena Ponsonby, daughter of the eighth Earl of Bessborough. She is devoting a great deal of her time to war-work. She has two sons, and a daughter, the Hon. Kathleen Marcia Browne, born in 1903.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

Mrs. George Napier has gone from

Grosvenor Place to Bryanston Square. Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker have come to 24, Portman Square from their old quarters in Carlton House Terrace. Whatever other people may be doing, Lord and Lady Carnarvon are not specially out to economise by their removal from Berkeley Square to Seaford Place, rather smaller though their new abode happens to be. It is infinitely brighter than any deep-set house in any Square can manage to be, and its pretty back view over the Park adds to its attractions. Its former occupant was Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, whose entertainments there are among the more vivid of social memories. I have heard it said of the Rothschilds that they marry cousins so as to keep their great wealth in the family. But that was not "Mr. Alfred's" idea when he made his will. For he left his treasures to his English friends, and his house in Seaford Place was his bequest to Lord and Lady Carnarvon. "Mr. Alfred," all through his life, made many close and, indeed, devoted friends, whom he never forgot.

Royal Consideration.

The unfailing kindness of the King and Queen, which is made evident in most unobtrusive but effective fashion in every incident of their public life, is one of the secrets of their universal popularity. On Tuesday, July 30, this was very obvious upon their Majesties' visit, with Princess Mary, to Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton. A "march past" of men fitted with artificial limbs must inevitably have painful associations, but the courage of the men and the thoughtful consideration of the King and Queen reduced that element to a minimum. The gift of their Majesties for doing the right thing is a national asset.



A NEW PORTRAIT: LADY GAINFORD OF HEADLAM.

Lady Gainford of Headlam is the wife of the first Baron Gainford of Headlam, P.C., of Headlam Hall, Co. Durham, and is the only daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Henry Marshman Havelock-Allan, G.C.B., V.C., M.P., first Bart. Her son, the Hon. Joseph Pease, is a Lieutenant in the Yeomanry.

Photograph by Swaine.



A DUKE'S DAUGHTER AS WAR NURSE: LADY M. SCOTT.

Lady Margaret Scott, who is nursing the wounded in France, is the eldest of the five daughters of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. Her mother is the second sister of the Earl of Bradford. Lady Margaret Scott was born in 1893.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

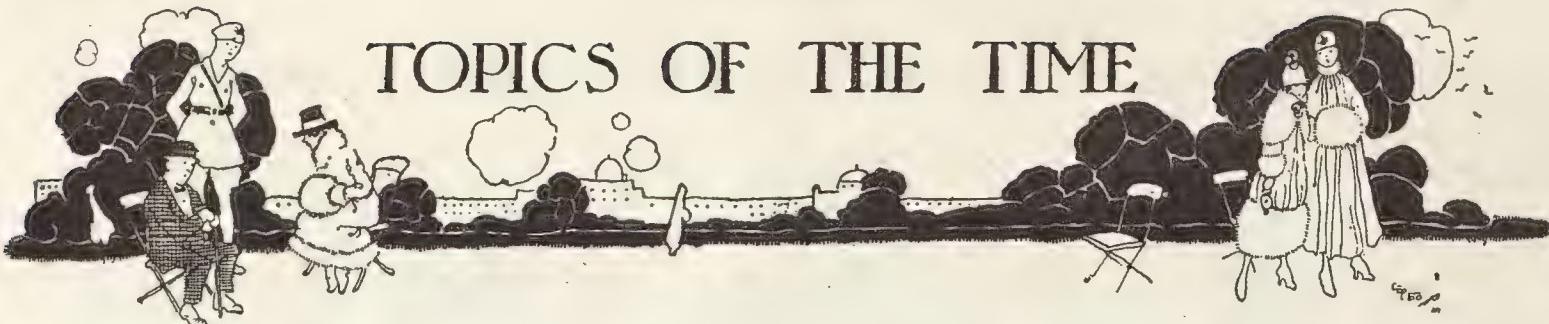
THE CHRISTENING OF LORD JELLIFFE'S HEIR : PERSONALITIES.



1. AT THE CHRISTENING : (L. TO R.) THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ; SIR STANLEY COLVILLE ; SIR GEORGE CALLAGHAN ; VISCOUNTESS JELLIFFE AND HER BABY SON ; ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELLIFFE, WITH THE KING'S CUP.
2. A FAMILY GROUP : VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS JELLIFFE WITH THEIR CHILDREN.
3. ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY AND VISCOUNT JELLIFFE ON THEIR WAY TO THE CHURCH.

The little son of Viscount and Viscountess Jellicoe was christened at St. Lawrence Church, Isle of Wight, on July 29, by the Archbishop of York. He received the names of George Patrick John Rushworth, and the sponsors were the King, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Miss

Lilian Lear, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Mr. Eustace Burrows, Major Hubert Cayzer, and the Rev. F. G. G. Jellicoe. The King was represented by Admiral Sir Stanley Colville. Among the christening gifts were a gold cup from the King, and a silver basket from Princess Patricia.



YOU and I, in the hopeful moments given to us by the boys who strike at the Hun (and too frequently taken from us again by the boys who strike for him), are powerless against the temptation to speculate upon the programme of our celebration of the last day of the war.

We will do our best, like wise creatures, to keep our anticipations within rational limits, and not to overdo the thing, even day-dreamily. But hope will be hope, and imagination imagination, and—speaking now for myself alone—I've got them both badly.

I am flattening my nose upon the window of my mind, all agog for the arrival of the day when the beastly ugly War God has at last been left behind, and the pretty Goddess Peace has come to stay. I shall welcome her with roses, I shall welcome her with songs, and shall altogether do the thing in style. And perchance that if my spirit to a lucky star belongs, she'll reward me with a handshake and a smile !

I shall commandeer a taxi for a day and for a night, and I'll dash about the City and the West; in my mouth a big Corona, cocked aside and well alight, and my thumbs tucked in the armholes of my vest. I'll have luncheon at the Carlton, I'll have dinner at the Ritz, I'll have supper (with a chum) at the Savoy; and I'll tear up all my coupons into tiny little bits in a veritable lunacy of joy !

I shall carry pounds of sugar in my pockets at the side, and my tea shall be inordinately sweet. I shall buy a tub of butter, and I'll make a butter-slide that shall see me to the bottom of the street. I shall use a box of matches for a single cigarette, and at breakfast I shall eat a pot of jam, and I'll fraternise with Bacchus (if he hasn't perished yet!) till I don't know where or why or who I am !

A dramatic critic who is a friend of mine (at all events) has received from an anxious mother whose daughter is yearning for the stage a letter in which the writer hopes that the young aspirant

"Every play that I know," says Dr. Moulton, the eminent Methodist divine, "has an evil genius in it; and, apart altogether from what are known as the morals of the stage, I have felt it must be difficult, if not impossible, for anyone to play the part of the evil genius night after night for weeks together without sustaining moral injury."

But, if playing naughty parts makes you naughty, playing moral parts must, of course, give you a perfectly heavenly reputation.



ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES: PRESIDENT WILSON AND MRS. WILSON.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

That's the beautiful best of Dr. Moulton's wonderful notion. Just read this and see what I mean—

Matilda's was a hopeless case; for weeks we'd feared the worst. We'd seen the rouge upon her face, and guessed it from the first. In plays she had been known to act the parts of women fast. Matilda's special line, in fact, was ladies with a past.

But to Matilda came one day a sort of actor-man, who said, "I'm wanting you to play a saint, dear—if you can ! Than this same part you never met a character more prim !" Matilda said, "You *are* a pet !" and went and supped with him.

And now in photo-shops one sees this edifying sight : Matilda praying on her knees all in a shaft of light ! Extremely saintly are her ways, angelic is her state ! (At all events, at matinées, and every night at eight !)

There's something more valuable than sermons in plum-stones, and if you are not saving yours up you must. They are wanted for conversion into charcoal, which forms an essential part of the respirator used by our troops against poison-gas. No other substance is known to give equal protection, for it has a power of absorption many times that of charcoal from other materials; and the Boy Scouts have begun a house-to-house collection.

Dear Scouts, I'd give them were they here, but you must call another day. I've met with only one this year—the plums so seldom come my way ! If you would have a record load—a stack to start the grateful tears—you'll leave the houses of our road for mansions of munitioneers !

Meanwhile, when next with friends I dine, I'll pledge to be on the alert for any hint or any sign of plums included in dessert. And when my share I've bitten through, and picked it as a dog a bone, I'll pocket what is left for you, however sticky be the stone !

A. B. M.



NOT SCOTCH ! BRITISH SOLDIERS MAKING SODA-WATER IN AN ITALIAN FACTORY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THEIR COMRADES.

Official Photograph.

can be provided at some time or another with a part which is a good one morally. "I would not like my daughter to assume any evil sort of character; I fear it might have some bad influence upon her mind." I seem to have heard of this theory before !

NOT ONE OF THE SEVEN; BUT ONE OF THE THREE!



MRS. TOVEY, WITH MISS LILLAH McCARTHY, IN "SEVEN WOMEN," AT THE COLISEUM: MISS DIANA WILSON.

Barrie's "Seven Women" went into the London Coliseum bill the other day, with Miss Lillah McCarthy as Leonora; Mr. G. H. Mulcaster as Captain Rattray, R.N.; Miss Diana Wilson as Mrs. Tovey; Miss Nora McDonnell as

the Maid; and Mr. Lichfield Owen as Mr. Tovey. Leonora, it will be recalled, is herself the Seven Women of the title—so, altogether, "Seven Women" accounts for Nine Women, although calling but for Three Women in the cast!

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

"THE PURPLE MASK" — AND MATHESON



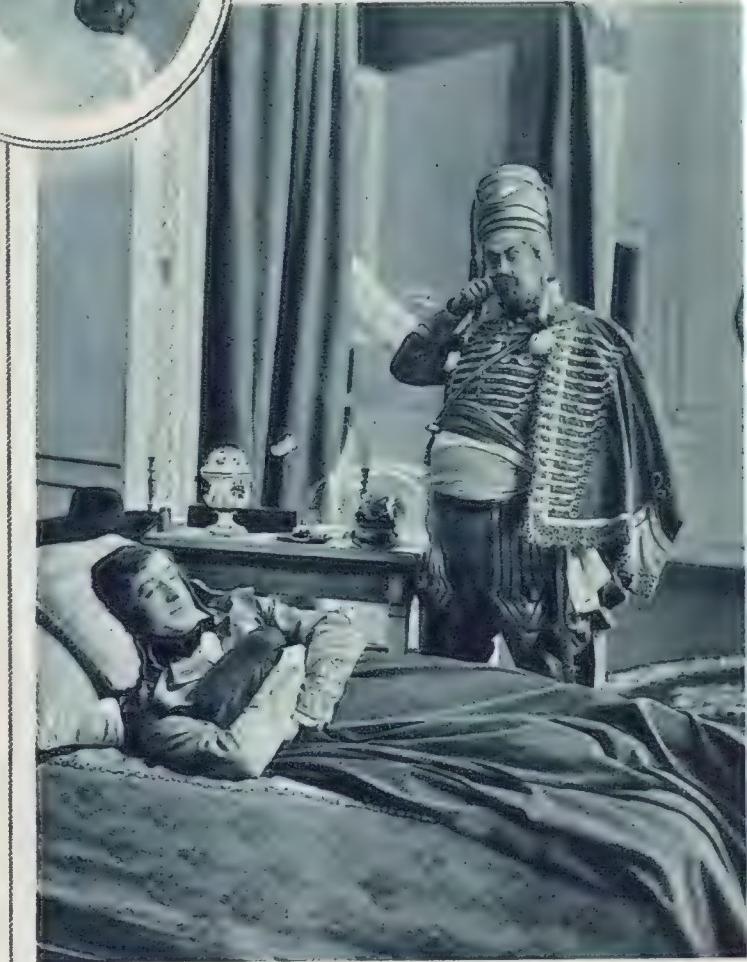
THE PURPLE MASK (MR. MATHESON LANG)
IS ARRESTED.



THE PURPLE MASK MAKES HIS FINAL
THEM TO THROW DOWN



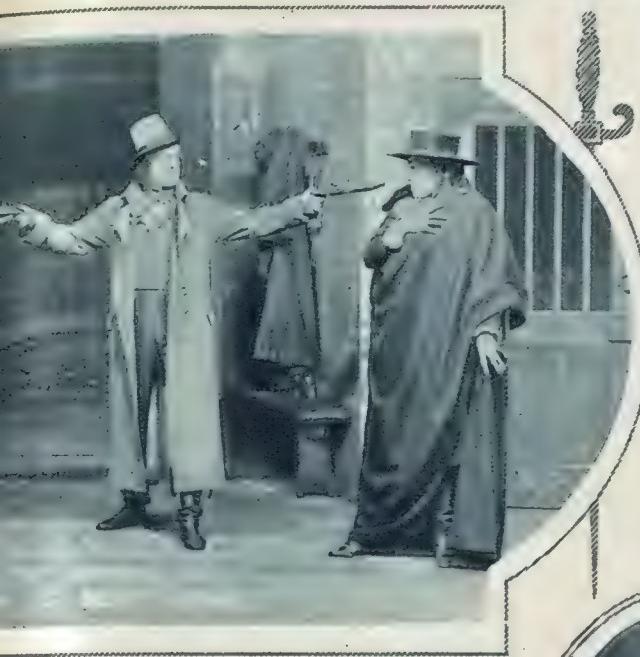
LAURETTE (MISS ALICE MOFFAT) IS QUESTIONED AS TO
THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE PURPLE MASK.



THE PURPLE MASK (MR. MATHESON LANG) FEIGNS SLEEP
UNDER THE GUARD OF ROCHE.

"The Purple Mask" is of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" order—and none the worse for that. The Mask in question is Armand, Comte de Trevières, and he flourishes kidnaps Napoleonic personages, writes his "I take what I will," disguises himself daringly, in the France of May 1804, a few days before the First Republic became the First Empire. As to the plot, let us quote the "Referee": "Armand, our rollicking Royalist, is already famous for all sorts of hazardous exploits, done without his identity being known, save for the fact that he wears a 'purple mask,' and that, like Arsène Lupin, of later notoriety, he always leaves behind him a motto written anywhere handy, 'I take what I will.' He has, however, the greatest exploit of all in front of him, which is to rescue Chateaubriand and convey him safe

LANG : BRAVE DOINGS AT THE LYRIC.

PE FROM THE TOLL-HOUSE : "ORDER
IR GUNS, OR I FIRE!"THE PURPLE MASK SENDS THE POLICE AGENT
TO CAPTIVITY.

41

THE PURPLE MASK, HIS GUARD DISPOSED OF, WRITES
HIS MOTTO ON THE FIRE-SCREEN.THE PURPLE MASK ESCAPES FROM LAURETTE'S BEDROOM
DISGUISED AS HIS GUARD, ROCHE.

with his pretty daughter Laurette to England. For the carrying-out of the rescue, a Royalist arch-plotter, posing as a shop-keeper called Majolin, hits upon the idea of arranging for a substitute or decoy, also in a purple mask, who shall get arrested and so put Fouché and the police off the scent of the real man. Armand hears of this scheme, and being annoyed at it, brings the main excitement of the play about by offering himself as his own substitute. In this capacity he achieves triumphantly the forlorn hopes and kidnapping 'stunts' that Majolin ordains. He foils and fools both friends and foes—particularly one Brisquet, Fouché's police-agent, who is to Armand very much what the Sheriff of Nottingham was to Robin Hood. In the end Armand carries off Chateaubriand and the lovely Laurette under the very nose of Fouché himself."

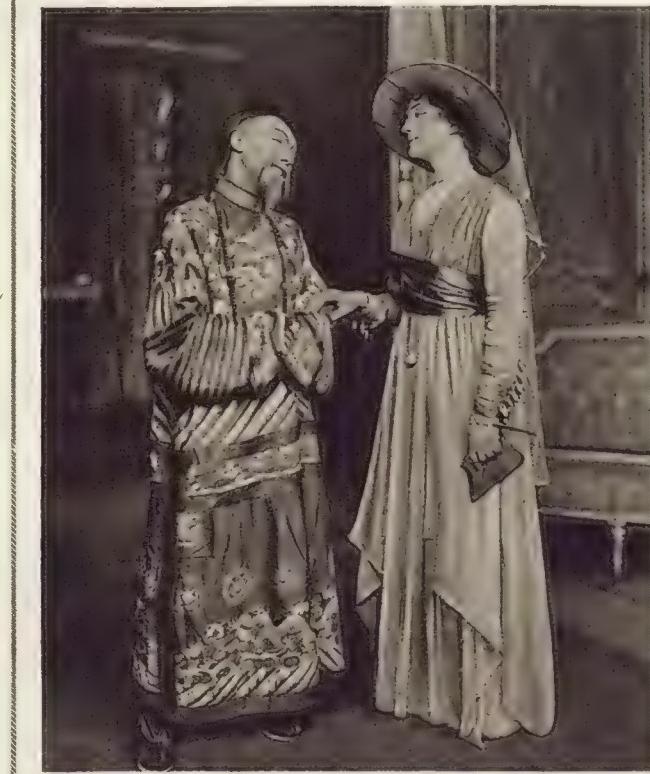
"THE CHINESE PUZZLE": THE NEW PLAY AT THE NEW THEATRE.



"WHEN THE FIRE IS LIGHTED WHO CAN SAY WHAT IT WILL BURN?"



"YOU CANNOT UNSAY WHAT YOU SAID
LAST NIGHT."



"ALL MY LIFE I SHALL BE GRATEFUL
TO YOUR EXCELLENCY."

It is impossible in the short space at our command to deal with the intricacies of "The Chinese Puzzle," by Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion, which, it seems certain, will have a long and prosperous run at the New. It may be said, however, that it is a little of the order of "Diplomacy," although very different from it. His Excellency Chi Lung, with his quaint phrases, fine robes and finer traits, is not merely the central figure but the most human, humane, and chivalrous, despite

his caustic epigram that "The tongue of a woman is but three inches long, yet it may slay a man three feet high." The story turns upon a stolen political secret, and the Marquess Chi Lung takes the onus of the crime of Naomi Melsham upon his own broad shoulders. In the first photograph on the left-hand page are (in front, from left to right) Miss Ethel Irving as Naomi; Mr. John Howell as Sir Roger; Mr. Leon M. Lion as the Marquis Chi Lung; Mr. Eille Norwood as Paul Marketel;

"THE CHINESE PUZZLE": THE NEW PLAY AT THE NEW THEATRE.



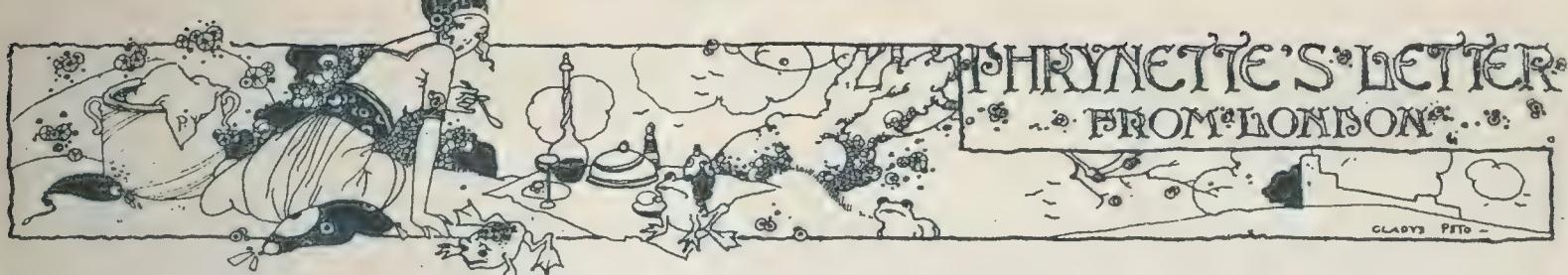
"THIS INSTRUMENT IS CUNNING : IT WILL SQUEEZE."

Continued.]

and Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Lady de la Haye. In the second, third and fourth are Miss Ethel Irving, with Chi Lung ; in the fifth are Mr. Howell and Miss Irving ; and in the sixth are Mr. Leon M. Lion as Chi Lung, and Miss

Lilian Braithwaite. In the photograph on the right-hand page are Mr. Leon L. Lion as the Marquis Chi Lung ; Miss Ethel Irving as Naomi ; Mr. John Howell as Sir Roger ; and Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Lady de la Haye.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



SUMMER NOW IN SEASON.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married!"*)

SUMMER is now in season. I am telling you in case you had not perceived it! And I hope you adore water-melon, because all vegetables now growing are going to taste like it! Everybody is agriculturist these days, and whenever from under your umbrella you greet condolingly some stray acquaintance; "D'-you-do, Mr. Spadling? Vile weather, isn't it?" "Oh, but so good for the vegetables!" comes the unanswerable answer from under Mr. Spadling's umbrella. Upon which you both sneeze sociably and diverge droopingly under the downpour.

Personally, I refuse to believe that even the tamest of turnips or tomatoes enjoys death by drowning! I spent a week-end lately with some worthy friends of mine who also go in for growing things. My host—who formerly was a brilliant bridge-player, and who, to his wife's delight, is now as keen on cabbages—my host took me to the kitchen-garden. I was suitably dressed for an English summer—goloshes, trench-coat, south-wester hat, and an umbrella in each hand (you must always change when wet); and thus equipped—*aquapped*, rather, if I may forge a word—I followed under the hail in the "wash" of my friend.

At last we arrived on the banks of a small lake, on the surface of which bloated cabbages floated stiffly, under the impression they were meant to represent lotuses—or is the plural of lotus *loti*?

My host swept the lake (metaphorically speaking, alas!) with a proud gesture. "What do you think of that, eh—for a trial trip, too?"

A sailing trip suggested itself to me, but I stifled such frivolity. I could not help, however, wondering aloud. "I thought," said I, "that the cabbages should be put in boiling water?"

The storm prevented my host from hearing my culinary question.

"Believe me if you like," said he, as we waded back knee-deep in rain-water—very beautifying to the skin, though!—"believe me if you like, but I don't miss my bridge a bit!"

"I do," said I. "Decidedly a bridge is needed over your garden, unless you can lend me stilts or carry me to the house!"

He took me at my word—and on his shoulders. I shan't be asked for week-ends there any more, for his wife, who was awaiting our return under the porch with blankets and hot rum, has no sense of humour—and all because of cabbages!

The papers are full of quaint questions these days. "When is a calf no longer a calf?" was what the magistrates were trying to settle when sitting in judgment on a butcher who was selling what looked like veal but might have been beef. The answer to this is that "a calf is a bovine animal in which the grinder or molar tooth is not visible." It might solve other problems—When is a flapper no longer a flapper? for instance. You can't go by the hair, up or down—that proves nothing; but much more accurate the distinction that a flapper, like a calf, is a flapper until she has her wisdom-tooth!

Another amusing question is, "Can a woman be an M.P.?" What they mean, I assume, is, can a woman be an efficient M.P.? Well, that depends on the woman, very much as it depends on the man, for it is not a question of sex, but of the only qualification that matters in any profession—tact.

Training is nowhere compared with tact; except in such occupations as clock-making or horse-shoeing, etc.; but, just to show you what tact can do, let me tell you the true story of a special constable who, though he had no training as a policeman, locked two people in the handcuffs of felicity. It happened like this—that special constable was one evening boring himself on his beat when he picked up a card-case containing a season-ticket upon which was the name and address of the owner, a Mr. Dark-Brown, of Ivy Avenue, Wimbledon. But the card-case contained not only the name and address, but also a charming photograph of an attractive woman, tall and slim, with hair short and curly, laughing eyes, high heels, and low bodice. The address being quite close to the special's beat, he called round the same evening.

Mr. Dark-Brown, however, was not at home, and the special was received by an attractive little woman, small and plump, with smooth hair, and sad eyes—decidedly *not* the lady of the photograph. The special explained that he had found a season-ticket in the name of a Mr. Dark-Brown.

"My husband is away on his holiday," said Mrs. Dark-Brown; "but, if you will give me that card-case, it will be awfully good of you."

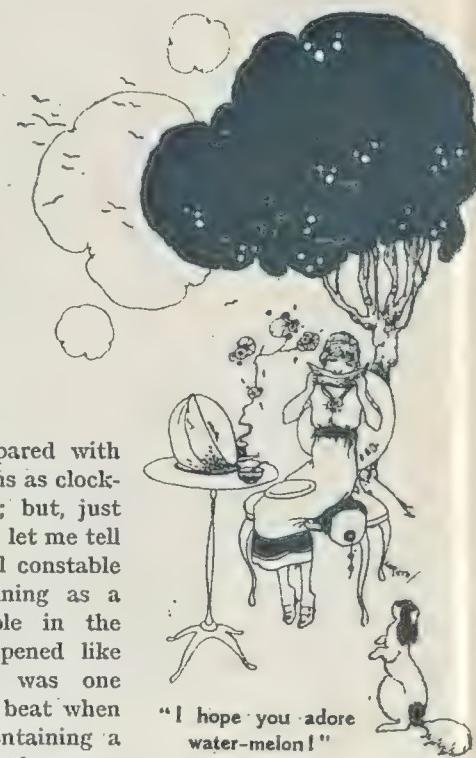
Quandary? Not a bit—our special had TACT!

"The card-case is at the police-station, and, if you will call or send for it, it will be delivered to you."

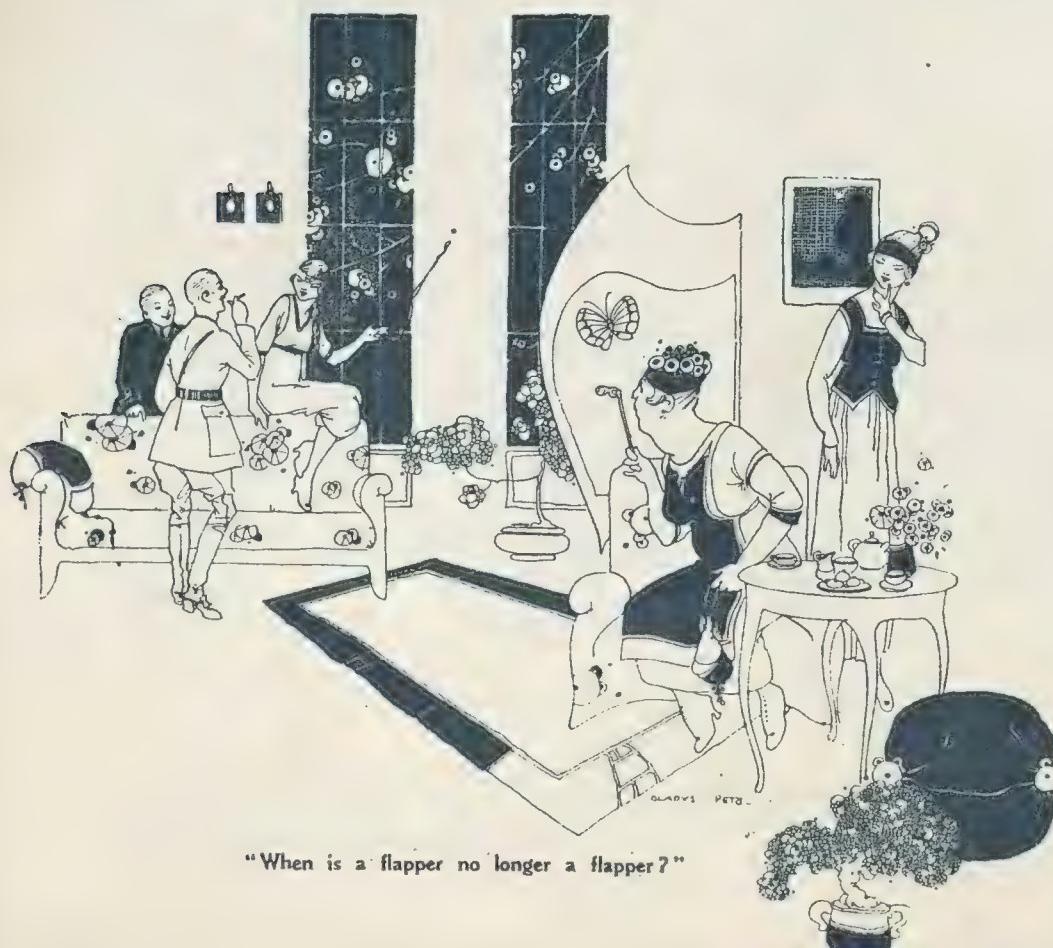
And Mrs. Dark-Brown did call, and received the card-case, but minus the charming photograph!

A few weeks later the special and Mr. Dark-Brown made each other's acquaintance at the golf-club. The special, after tactful preliminaries, restored to Mr. Dark-Brown a certain photograph!

That night the "lucky dog" burnt several letters and a photograph. Then, with a little sigh and a little smile, he went down to his wife and asked her to sing for him.



"I hope you adore water-melon!"



"When is a flapper no longer a flapper?"

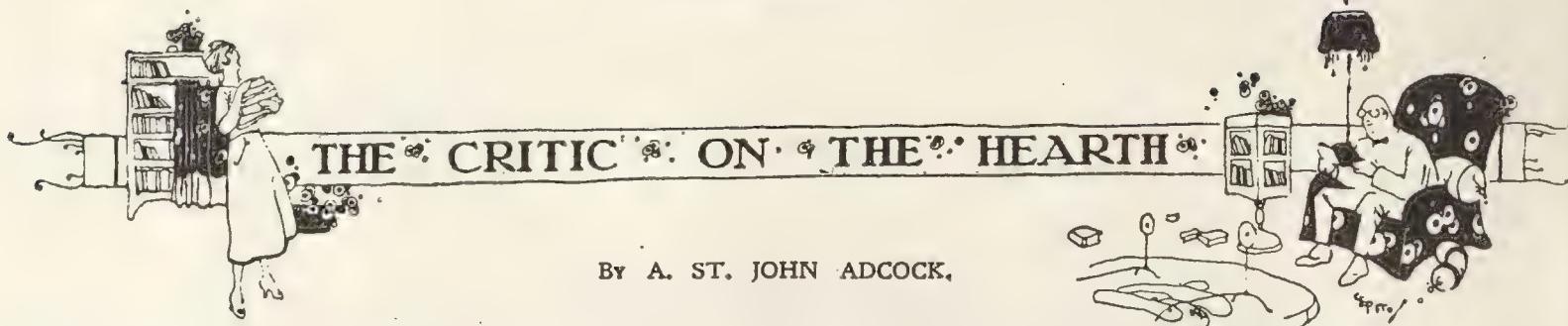
TAILS UP—TEDDIE'S BACK! A COMEDY STAR RETURNED.



IN THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AGAIN: MISS TEDDIE GERARD.

To the joy of Comedyites, Miss Teddie Gerard has returned to "Tails Up!" readers will recall that she sings, in that piece, "The Twinkle in Her Eye"; at the Comedy, which she had to leave for a spell owing to illness. Our "Wild Thyme"; "The Curfew"; and "Let's All Go Raving Mad."

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE way of the transgressor may be hard, but the reformer doesn't walk on velvet. No matter what wickedness he may be out against, the prophet gets stoned by indignant people of the highest moral character, because one man's virtue is another man's vice.

That is why the late James Hinton was always in trouble; and that is why there is going to be trouble for Edwin Pugh. If you don't know Hinton's philosophy, you may study it in Mrs. Havelock Ellis's admirable and judicious sketch of his career and teachings. Pugh puts his doctrine into "The Great Unborn," in the form of a dream-story; and he interests you, whether you agree with him or not. Briefly, he introduces us to some social reformers, led by a woman, whose watchword is "No more babies" for the next generation, at least. In this way, he says, they would reduce the population, and the quarrel between capital and labour would settle itself. Instead of an overcrowded market for the sweater to exploit, the demand for labour would exceed the supply; men could pick and choose, and would go only where good wages were offered to them. The theme has larger bearings, illustrated by what happens to the orthodox poor family that has far too many children, and to the poor family that sagaciously limits its numbers. There are bitter and forcible things in the book, and hard truths that, in the near future, we shall have to face.

But I am quite sure the unmarried bishop and celibate priest who religiously advocate large families for others will be as strongly opposed to Edwin Pugh as they are to Hinton, who was convinced that we could climb to a higher moral plane by means of polygamy. He blamed the petty jealousy of women as the obstacle to that happiness, and foresaw a time when woman would conquer her selfishness, and, in the interests of morality, insist on men furnishing themselves with a complete set of wives, instead of marrying one lady and sinning with several. His faith was that, as "most men and a few women were born polygamists," our marriage laws are unnatural; they impose on us a sort of married celibacy, and

foster the immorality they affect to discourage. He stood for the harem, without the restrictions that have to be endured in the East by the female members of it. I don't see how this differs from Mormonism, and look what the righteous have said of the Latter Day Saints; yet, according to Artemus Ward, they are a fairly contented body, and some Mormons are beautifully self-sacrificing.

"I had a man pointed out to me," says Artemus, describing his visit to Salt Lake City, "who had married an entire family. He had originally intended to marry

A LADY AUCTIONEER: MISS EVELYN BARLOW.

Miss Barlow, who has long been familiar with the methods and routine of the sale-room, has made her début as a wielder of the hammer in the rostrum of the famous sale-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, with unqualified success, and is now a junior partner in the firm. She is a sister of Sir Montague Barlow, M.P. for South Salford.—[Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.]

Jane, but Jane did not want to leave her widowed mother. The other three sisters were not in the matrimonial market for the same reason; so this gallant man married the whole crowd, including the girl's grandmother, who had lost all her teeth and had to be fed with a spoon." Even Hinton's ideal of polygamy could not soar beyond that.

But, of course, we are not always in the mood to read of these serious matters. "In ill-health or convalescence, or worry, or tribulation," as de Vere Stacpoole has it in his new novel, "the ordinary mind does not turn to Milton or Shakespeare, or even the sermons of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. There are few classics that will stand the test of a cold in the head, or a fit of depression, or a worrying husband, or a minor tragedy. Here the writer of light fiction stands firm."

And that is where he stands with "The Man Who Lost Himself," one of the cleverest, most entertaining of the divers stories I have read about an exchange of identities. The difference between this and all the others is that the identity is exchanged permanently. Having forced his name and position on a hard-up American who is his facial counterpart, Lord Rochester commits suicide, and

when the practical American has rescued the estate from ruin, and, because Rochester's estranged wife wants to be reconciled to him, tells the whole truth and tries to get out of his dilemma, he finds it can't be done. You must go to the book to know why—it is too good to give away.

Not so light, but for those who are after entertainment only, are "The Veiled Lady," a thrilling tale of the French revolution that is steeped in all the glowing colours of romance, and "That Which Hath Wings," which brings a true spirit of romance into the war of our own day, with a notable airman for its hero.

Our own great war makes a background for "Foe-Farrell," a powerful story of the hatred that grew up between two men and of the tragedy that resulted from it. That the two men loved the same woman is not the sole cause of their hatred. The whole thing is narrated, from time to time, in a dug-out at the front, with a moral in the epilogue, and "if you have any use for it, you may apply it to this blasted war. As I see it, the more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won."

Instead of a strong drama of hatred, E. F. Benson tells a delightful story of two friends, one of whom lays down his life in the war, which is all over "Up and Down," though for the most part you look on at it in the distance from the quiet of a glamorous Italian island. The tale is told by one of the friends in a sort of diary through which you follow the developments of the war, from its outset to the coming in of America. You will be particularly attracted to Francis, who knows what he likes and does it, and is not taken with the English idea of duty, "which seems to be inextricably entwined with the necessity of doing something you dislike and are quite unfitted for," yet he was irresistibly drawn to enlist when the call came. You will enjoy, too, the vein of philosophy that runs through the book and makes it such restful reading, in spite of the tumult out of which it grows.

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Great Unborn.* By Edwin Pugh. (*Cecil Palmer and Hayward.*)
- James Hinton.* By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (*Stanley Paul.*)
- The Man Who Lost Himself.* By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (*Hutchinson.*)
- The Veiled Lady.* By May Wynne and Draycott M. Dell. (*Jarrold.*)
- That Which Hath Wings.* By Richard Dehan. (*Heinemann.*)
- Foe-Farrell.* By Sir A. Quiller-Couch. (*Collins.*)
- Up and Down.* By E. F. Benson. (*Hutchinson.*)
- Five Tales.* By John Galsworthy. (*Heinemann.*)
- The Amazing City.* By John F. Macdonald. (*Grant Richards.*)



STAR TURNS

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

In our parlour of sleepy white roses, lit up by the big, round moon,
Let us forget the dawn-wind, and the morrow that comes too soon!
Here shall we dwell for ever—Pierrot and demure Pierrette,

And blow fairy rings from **Abdulla's**—
And learn magic things from **Abdulla's**
Adorable Cigarette!

We want no jewels or bank-book, with a ceiling of sapphire blue;
Look at our diamond carpet, woven from moon-lit dew!

Rich in romance and love-dreams—Pierrot and adored Pierrette
Blowing silver rings from **Abdulla's**—
Learn mystic things from **Abdulla's**
Most exquisite Cigarette!

The nightingale chants of woodlands and the raptures of happy birds,
Yet even his golden trilling means less than our tender words;
And still, between songs and kisses, Pierrot and beloved Pierrette

Blow fragrant rings from **Abdulla's**—
Learning secret things from **Abdulla's**
Most wonderful Cigarette!

The baby owls in the oak-tree sit watching with blinking eyes;
The bats that flit through the moonbeams are squeaking from sheer surprise;
Whilst, clinging close in Love's garden, Pierrot and divine Pierrette

Blow wedding-rings from **Abdulla's**—
And learn lovely things from **Abdulla's**
Most marvellous Cigarette!

—R. H.

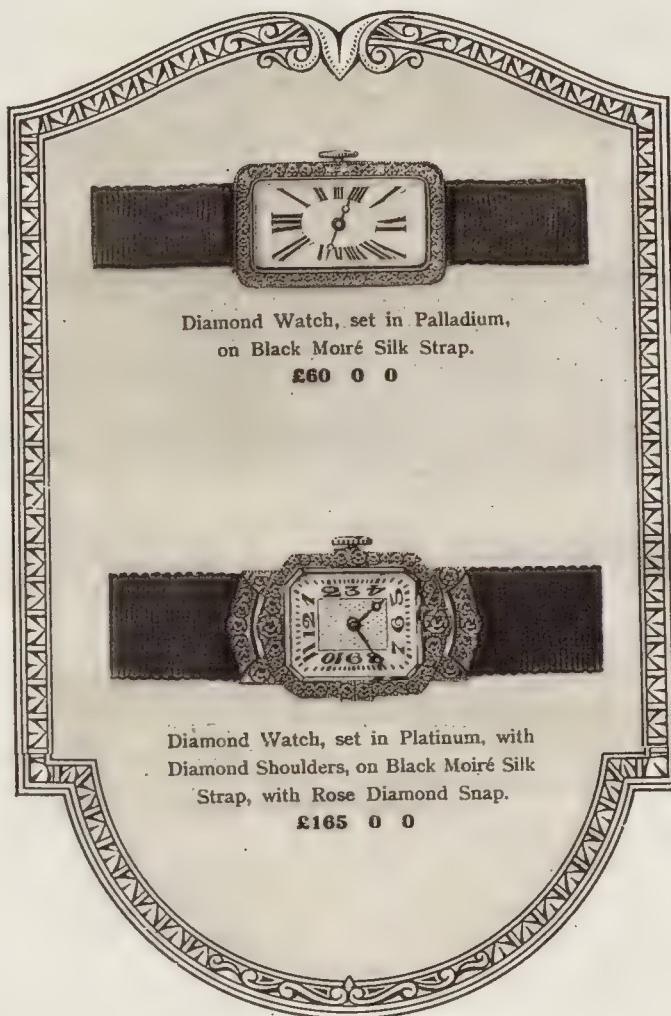
ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

"SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.

PLENTY OF 'FRENCH BEANS' THIS MONTH





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HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

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MUNITIONS AND THE AIR MINISTRY.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*Where Winston
Led.

The demands of the Air Ministry for supplies of material and labour and accommodation ought to be favourably considered by the Ministry of Munitions, in view of recent appointments. Not that there has been any complaint in this direction for a long while, for Mr. Winston Churchill, when First Lord of the Admiralty, was the first of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State to recognise the importance of aircraft. He used all his influence, official and personal, to build up an adequate Naval Air Service; and it was thanks to him that this country had, at the outbreak of war, the finest force of naval aviators in the world, and has held that lead.

From Munitions to Air. The more recent appointments which link up the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Munitions begin with the Secretary of State for the Air Force himself. Lord Weir of Eastwood was the chief of the Ministry of Munitions organisation in Scotland when he became Controller of Aircraft Supplies at the beginning of 1917, so that he brought with him a considerable amount of influence in "the Ministry," as the Munitions Department is generally called. This influence soon became manifest, with excellent results, for aircraft material then began to receive its proper priority, whereas previously many species of war material of much less importance had taken precedence of it. The consequence began to be felt about the middle of 1917, when adequate supplies of aircraft began to come through, and the R.F.C. in France began to obtain that superiority over the enemy in the air which was handed on as a legacy to the R.A.F. in April this year.

Attached to Both Departments. The next important appointment was that of Sir Arthur Duckham, who came to the Air Ministry a few months ago, and remains a member of the innermost council of the Ministry of Munitions. Sir Arthur's work in the Department of Aircraft Production is not yet becoming evident to the general public, but those on the inside say that already he has got a fine grip of the various problems which he had to tackle, and that he has set to work in the right way to increase efficiency by weeding out all the inefficient people who had managed to insinuate themselves into the department. In

the Royal Flying Corps was first founded. It was then a combined affair like the R.A.F., with a Naval and a Military Wing. Later, Mr. Churchill transformed the Naval Wing R.F.C. into the Royal Naval Air Service, but long before that Colonel Seely—as he then was—had his hands pretty full with the Military Wing alone.

Answering
Air Questions
at Westminster.

It was Colonel Seely who had the job of answering all the pertinent and

pointed questions in 1912 and 1913 and 1914, put by Mr. Joynson Hicks, Colonel Faber, and others concerning the strength—or rather, the weakness—of the R.F.C.; and, as he was by no means too well served by some of his officials, Colonel Seely frequently found himself badly cornered—as, for example, on the famous occasion in 1913 when he claimed that the R.F.C. had some sixty or seventy aeroplanes in flying order, and Mr. Joynson-Hicks proved by the book that there were only thirteen. However, Colonel Seely meant well, and really thought he was doing his best for the R.F.C. Since then he

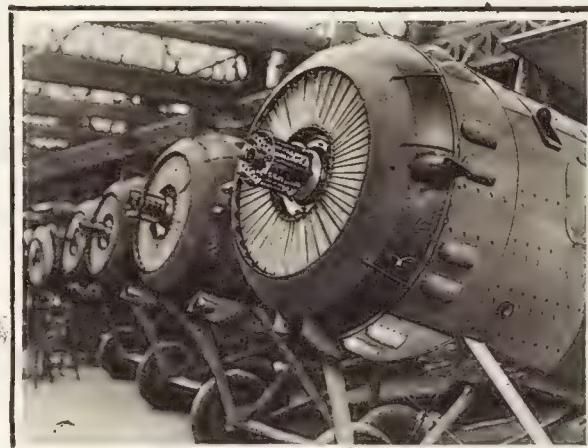
has seen quite a lot of active service, which must of necessity have taught him much about the possibilities of and the need for aircraft, so one can rely on him in his new job as Deputy-Minister of Munitions to see that Sir Arthur Duckham's department in the Air Ministry gets all that it requires.

Major Burgoyne's
Initiative.

Major Alan Burgoyne, M.P., has long been among what the French, in their graphic way, call "*les fervents d'aviation.*" Many years ago, he offered a handsome prize for the first man to fly across the centre of London, and very roundly was he abused by some of us for tempting foolish young men to risk such a dangerous performance. However, the Royal Aero Club stopped all flying over towns, so none tried for the prize; but, after all, Mr. Burgoyne, as he then was, only anticipated events by a few years.

Priority at
the Munitions
Department.

Before the war, Major Burgoyne was one of the most ardent supporters of the Navy League's aerial propaganda. At the outbreak of war he went to France with his regiment, did solid hard service in the trenches, was invalided home, and then joined

BEFORE THE FIXING OF THE WINGS: AEROPLANES
IN A FRENCH FACTORY.—[French Official Photograph.]

DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION: 'PLANES AT AN AMERICAN AVIATION SCHOOL IN FRANCE.—[American Official Photograph.]

his case again the link between the two Ministries was materially strengthened.

Two Notable
Selections.

The latest appointments to "The Ministry" which are of interest to aeronautical folk are those of Major-General J. E. B. Seely, D.S.O., M.P., and Major Alan Burgoyne, M.P., both of whom were concerned with the early days of aviation. General Seely was Under-Secretary for War when Lord Haldane was Secretary of State, in the days when

various other M.P.s in forming the Parliamentary Air Committee, of which he became the Secretary and one of the moving spirits in the agitation of 1916 which resulted in the appointment of Lord Weir to the Air Board, and ultimately in the formation of the Air Ministry, with Lord Weir as Secretary of State. One imagines, therefore, that when demands for aircraft material come before him in his new capacity as Chief of the Priority Department, Ministry of Munitions, they will be favourably considered.

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"Were We to Blame?"

One of the saddest features of the war is the horrified remorse and shame of the intellectuals amongst the monkeys. In thoughtful simian circles it is recognised that something went gravely wrong somewhere in the process of evolution, and all sorts of reasons have been adduced, the most widely accepted being the notorious flightiness—and worse—of the First Monkey's spouse. Thus, even again, we have the sad spectacle of the indiscretions of the mothers being visited on the billionth generation. Eugenics is—or are—a wonderful study.

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for the experienced
and cultured smoker.

Every cigarette smoker who prides himself on being a judge, should try a box of these choice Virginia Cigarettes. They have that subtle touch of refinement, superiority and distinctiveness which stamps them immediately as the cigarette *I've been looking for.*

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The advertisements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally civilised.

MRS. HANUMAN'S INDISCRETION.

A Fable—By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

(The present ridiculous state of the law of libel must serve as an apology for the introduction of Biblical nomenclature.)

IT was in an evil moment for his peace of mind that Huppah, the oldest Monkey in the cage, slyly abstracted a piece of newspaper from a passing small boy.

It was for its possible contents that the old gentleman annexed the sheet; he had no itch for news.

But contents there were none, and finding time hang upon his hands, he commenced to read the paper with that easy-going, tolerant contempt for the degenerate human which is so marked among the Monkey-World Intellectuals.

"Pho!" he remarked scornfully, "a nice mess our descendants have got themselves into: 'Grave Wool Shortage!' 'Black Outlook for the Future!' 'Possibility of No Clothes!' Serve them right, the bare, smooth-skin rascals. Precious ugly some of them will look, to be sure." And he giggled to himself. "A nice sight that fat, bald-headed old human who tried to prod me with his stick this morning will make, with not a stitch or a hair to cover him, and not a spark of humour to warm him! 'No wool!', well, that doesn't affect us of the pure-bred stock'; and he stroked his fur complacently.

Idly he commenced to tear the sheet into scraps of paper, and amused himself by watching them flutter to the floor of the cage.

"'Meat Shortage.' Bah! 'Further Reduction of Spirits.' Pooh! 'Match Scarcity.' Pish! 'Possible Coal Famine.' Tush! 'Civilisation? Gosh! . . . Paradise Lost! ! Whatever *are* the idiots on the other side of the Cage doing? !'

An item caught his eye that made him pause. "'Fight to the Last Man!' he muttered, and became suddenly thoughtful. A worried look stole into his eyes, and he called his aged wife, Jochebed, to his side.

"The Last Man," she repeated in amazement, when he had read the passage to her.

"Huppah, what does it mean to *us*?"

"By the bones of Hanuman, Father of all the Monkeys," he growled, "it looks as though we shall have to begin all over again"—she gave a little squeak of flattered alarm—"but," he went on grimly, "let us at least take care the New Darwinian product is more intelligent than the last."

"But were we really to blame?"

"We were careless, my dear," he replied with immense decision.

"I have always thought Mrs. Hanuman rather flighty," she murmured, woman-like.

"Something more than flighty, I fear, judging by results," corrected the old gentleman. "Poor Hanuman, he had his hands full. I always pitied him—almost as much as I pitied the Tertium Quid. She led them both a pretty dance."

Mrs. Jochebed turned savagely on her spouse.

"That's right," she snapped acidly, "blame the female, *of course!*"

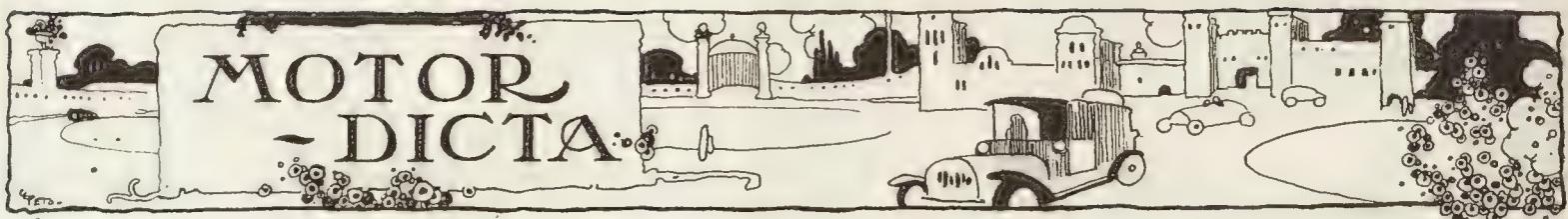
Huppah scratched his head, and then raised his voice imperiously. "In any case," he commanded, "should it be necessary to start all over again, see to it that the laws of simian eugenics are properly respected. Make it your sole aim to avoid the evolution of a degenerate race liable to fits of Armageddon."

And Jochebed, his wife, became right thoughtful.

* * * * *

Leaving the subject of Mrs. Hanuman's infidelity and its tragic consequences, if we fight to the last yarn of wool Pope and Bradley will of necessity be compelled to supply hair-producers. Meanwhile the wool shortage will grow less acute with the man shortage. Getting on with the war, the following prices are unghoulish. Lounge Suits from £7/7/-; Dinner Suits from £10/10/-; Service Jackets from £5/15/6; Riding Breeches from £4/4/-

14, OLD BOND STREET, W.



THINGS AS YET ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS. BY GERALD BISS.

Looking Forward. When this rude war has ceased to irk, and we, with dogmatic "Dora" finally interred, are able more or less to resume the life of intelligent hedonism so abruptly interrupted just four long weary years ago, what manner of car shall we drive, funds permitting? Fashion, after all, is a very arbitrary thing—a persuasion, as Walpole tells us, that nothing was ever right till the present moment, which in its turn will immediately be as wrong as all its predecessors. At the present moment we have practically no fashion in automobiles, as they have ceased to exist as a munition or furniment of everyday life. Each is glad enough to drive what may hap to belong to him, if he be lucky enough to get a petrol dole to take him to the station—or to church on Anniversary Sunday!

U.S. Possibilities to Come.

Still, that does not prevent, but rather tends to promote, speculation as to the fashion of the car of the future—one of those gentle hints of incipient imbecility, like imagining what you would do if somebody left you an unsupertaxed million, and there was no war on! Personally, I have come across no bolder effort at prophecy or flight of the automobile imagination than in the *Scientific American*—a very impressive title for a paper, which forces lesser folk to take it seriously. The car of the future, a contributor to the high-falutin Transatlantic organ opines, will have a glass roof, glass sides, a glass back, and a glass front, which will give it the appearance of a miniature Crystal Palace on wheels, and make the occupants look like cucumbers in a forcing-house, without any of the concomitant coolness of that long green vegetable of indigestion and delight. Somehow, it—the glass idea, not the cucumber—does not appeal to me; and what a chance for little boys of the House of David who do not live in glass automobiles to sling stones at each passing 40-h.p. Goliath car! The glass roof especially seems to me a most scorching and unpleasing idea. I prefer to do my scorching in a car another way; but not a word to the police! The opposite extreme, which did appeal to me, was a limousine with a sliding roof, like the old "Pav.," wherein you could sit dustless, yet with abundance of air. It was owned by George du Cros, of the Dunlops; and he used to use it as a sort of loose-box up at Hendon before the war, and it gave good folk quite a start to see his head sticking over the top, watching the rudiments of aircraft through his glasses.

A "New Fuel." The "Scientific Yank's" post-war auto, amongst other details, will be driven by a "new fuel, developing direct electrical energy," and it will have "an electric steering control." This Yankee Hosea, or whichever of the minor prophets he be—taxable, I should say, upon his excess—

says that "driving will be done from a small control board which can be held in the lap"—that is, if your lap be not more usefully engaged—"and the driver will be able to sit in whatever seat he may choose, as the control-board will be easily movable." This puts the lid upon our scientific minor prophet, for who would risk driving a glass automobile from the back seat? I prefer unscientific common-sense myself, and more logical cars of less breakable material.

"Justices' Justice."

Talking of this wonderful electrically energetic fuel,

I wonder if it has any connection with the special new fuel of Mr. Philip Cartwright, the Sussex cricketer? He was hauled before the beaks in silly Sussex by the Sea at Brightelmstone a week or two back, and fined for improperly using petrol or petrol substitute. He spake up bravely in defence, declaring that he was being persecuted by the police with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." The car, he asserted, was being driven on a liquid which did not contain any petrol, and one which he and a friend who had invented it hoped to patent after the war. Now this is very tantalising to motorists in dry dock—and why not now, Mr. Cartwright, in this the summer of our dis-

content? By so doing, not only might you get your fine quashed upon appeal, but you would be the greatest benefactor in this hour of crisis that the auto race has ever known.

A New Point Decided.

The beaks of Uxbridge decided a new point with regard to endorsements the other day. A bold, bad motorist was fined for driving without a license; and, when subsequently he took one out, it was held by these super-Solons that it could not be endorsed for any offence committed before it was issued. Good; and it suggests a possibility to me. Many thousands of motorists both at home and at the front have allowed their old endorsed licenses to lapse, and will take out entirely new ones in due course after the war. Now, under this logical Uxbridge ruling, surely any endorsements upon lapsed licenses should go by the board, and not be disinterred and religiously entered up on brand-new licenses issued subsequent, long subsequent, to the peccadilloes



ON THE FRENCH FRONT ON THE OISE: A MOTOR CATERPILLAR-TRACTOR FOR TOWING HEAVY ARMY VEHICLES, ABOUT TO START AT A CAMP STORES dépôt.

French Official Photograph.



KEEPING THE AMERICANS IN THE FIRING-LINE IN FOCH'S OFFENSIVE WELL FED: AN AMERICAN SUPPLY MOTOR-TRAIN SQUAD PREPARING FOR THE DAILY RUN TO THE BATTLEFIELD AREA.

American Official Photograph.

in question? If this be not held within the law, then the only thing to do is to drive without a license until held up, and then take out a new and unendorsable one, and start afresh upon your automobile way with the illogical load of ten or twenty years' accumulated endorsements left behind in the hurly-burly of the Great War! But any new motor legislation must deal with this grave point of discontent, as it was obviously never intended that endorsements should pile up *ad libitum et ad nauseam* for the whole duration of a motorist's life at the wheel.

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Delivery of Humber Cars will be in accordance with the order of your name on our waiting list.

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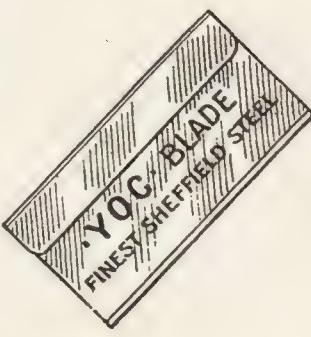
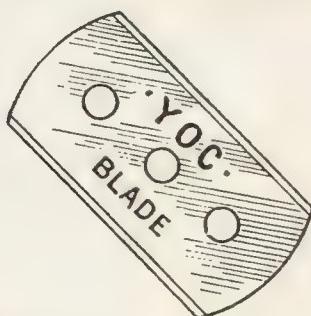
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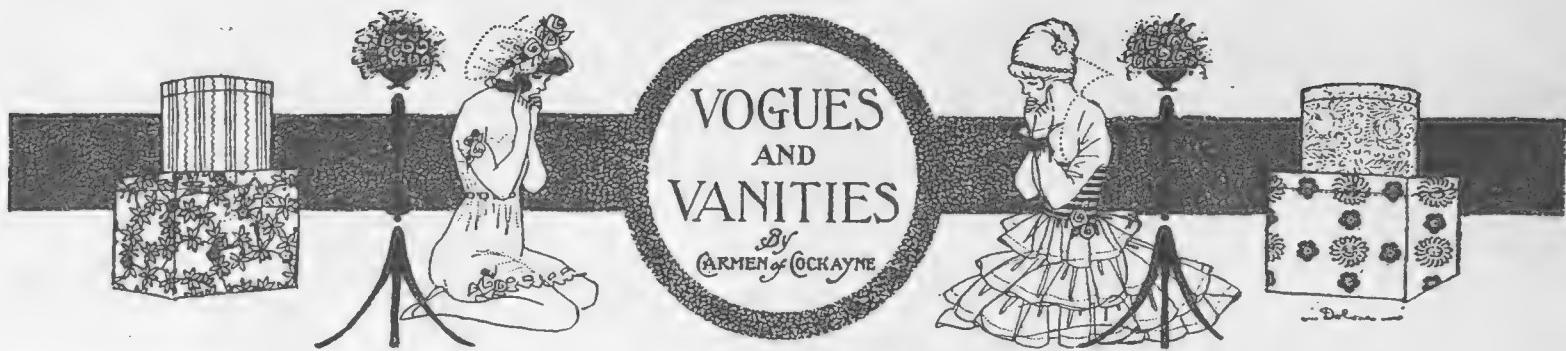
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For Ever-Ready	1/9	" "

Y.S.C. Blades (Safety)	2/6	Packet of 10
" " (Non-safety)	3/-	" " 6



OBtainable everywhere.



Beauty That Lasts. . . . Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

It really is a pity that Keats is not alive to realise that he need never have written those sad words. Any woman—almost any woman, anyhow—these days could prove to him that beauty lasts a great deal longer than he ever thought possible, and that new love can count on a long succession of "to-morrows" in which to pine at lustrous eyes. Women are proving every day that beauty does not really fade quite so quickly as the pessimists think. If it did, Eve would not, after four years' experience of war, be able to put as good a face on matters as she did in the piping times of peace. Very few would be ungallant enough to say that she is not still her delightful and attractive self. Hours of hard physical and mental work don't appear, on the whole, to have had much effect on dazzling complexions and line-free foreheads. If there have been struggles with "canteen contours," and the particular kind of wrinkle that is said to come from zealous study of Government documents, women, as their outward appearance proves, have been more than a match for the enemy at home.

The Art of Beauty.

The fact is that the "morning roses newly washed with dew" appearance that Shakespeare wrote about is not an impossible ideal, but something within the reach of everyone who cares to spend a little time and trouble in getting there. Nature may have been unkind, but that is no reason for sitting still and meekly putting up with the sort of complexion she has chosen to bestow upon you, if it does not happen to be an especially good one. There are a few people who still cling to the old theory that Nature knows best. There are others—and Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, is one of them—who know better, and can prove that a combination of Nature and common-sense, if it produces good results, is better than Nature left to herself, when she has made a hash of things, any day of the week. There is, in short, such a thing as the art of beauty—which has, by the way, nothing whatever to do with artificial beauty of the kind that exposes the owner to the laughter and scorn of an unsympathetic world.

The Ravages of War.

It is only natural that a woman, even if she is quite a young woman, should begin to show signs of wear and tear when she spends most of her time at work of a far harder and more strenuous kind than any to which she has ever been accustomed. It is not vanity, but simple common-sense, to guard against the appearance of premature lines and wrinkles—which are, after all, as "unnatural" as some of the complexions assumed by those who know no better. War

works and good looks are not incompatible, and it is quite possible to expose a delicate skin to the attentions of weather, to an extent that would never have been thought possible in pre-war days, without damaging its rose-leaf qualities, provided the owner sets about it in the right way. But only the expert can indicate the right way. For the inexperienced to rush in where the specialist in beauty rules only intrudes with the weight of knowledge and a practical acquaintance of her subject behind her is simply inviting disaster. In the case of the complexion more than anything else knowledge is power—the only power that can safely be trusted to repair Nature's mistakes and prevent the occurrence of regrettable facial defects.

The Path to Beauty.

If the path to beauty isn't always strewn with roses, at least Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., can show the end is worth the means. Supposing fate has had the bad taste to give a feminine upper lip the kind of adornment that sends enthusiastic youth flying for its first razor, it is possible, and is daily done at 29, Old Bond Street, to have the unwelcome down removed by means which, it is claimed, effectually prevent its subsequent reappearance. The end is so desirable that it is not surprising that this particular form of work occupies the whole time of a staff of competent and fully trained assistants; and it is interesting, too, to know that advice or consultations on the subject are given free of charge, whether sought personally or by letter.

Minimising Fluoushairs Defects.

But superfluous hairs are, after all, only one of the defects that beauty is heir to. There are the wrinkles that every woman dreads, and the double chin, the presence of which goes all the way to destroying the charm of a lovely face, not to speak of the scraggy necks and bony shoulders which so many suffer sadly only because they do not know that remedial exercises and especially prepared skin-foods have been evolved for the benefit of those who suffer in this way. The prejudice against employing artificial aids to beauty does not, in this particular case, apply. The object of the treatment, and the aim with which the Pomeroy preparations have been prepared, is to assist a woman towards the attainment of a good complexion and pleasing appearance by co-operating with Nature, as well as assisting her when assistance is necessary.



Not once or twice, but many times in the complexion story, the path to beauty was made easy by the expert whose preparations are discussed on this page.

woman towards the attainment of a good complexion and pleasing appearance by co-operating with Nature, as well as assisting her when assistance is necessary.



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There's no need to suffer either the pain or the discomfort of sunburn if you use

BEETHAM'S
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(The Best Substitute for Glycerine)

By just remembering to rub it gently into your face, neck, hands, and arms you can retain, all the summer through, a soft, white skin which is the crowning charm to those dainty frocks you will wear.

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M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham Spa, England.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial.

It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT. Boxes 1/-

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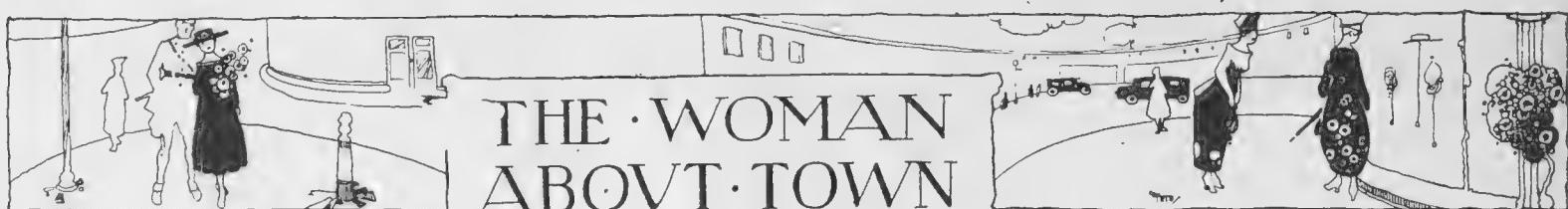
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H.M. the Baby's Carriage Stops the Way.

the choice of parents of the citizens of the future for all that is essential to the comfort and the well-being of these most important little people. "It looks fit for a Prince" won't do—it ought to be fit for a Prince. Harrods' book gives illustrations, points, and prices; and all the carriages are reliable and good—the explanation with each gives the necessary guidance for purchase. There are also push-cars of excellent quality, so that baby may have a conveyance from £1 15s. 6d. to £20 and upwards. There are also canopies and rugs to be considered, and the booklet is a guide to them also, and to repairs and doing up. It is a useful and fascinating pamphlet for parents, who are people of one idea—which is to get the best when the baby's carriage "stops the way."

A Real Pick-Me-Up. There is no doubt that our physical resources require a good deal of reinforcement in these years of strain, when many elements in our usual diet are lacking, or possible only in strictly limited quantity, like sugar. We never knew how much we wanted of it until we lost the freedom of it. A new and remarkably palatable tonic is now available called

Fortreviver, produced by H. and C. Newman. The professional analysis shows it to be a kind of fruit-food from which insoluble material has been removed. Alcohol is present in only a negligible trace, and the extractives consist principally of sugars. We all know sugar-hunger these days—not because we are sweet-tooths, but because the body craves for easily assimilable carbohydrate. Fortreviver is rich in it, it is pleasant and fruity to the palate, and it is also a splendid preventive of "flu" and a strengthener of the nervous system. A pick-me-up from fruit-juices is ideal when we can get no fruit.

Soap-Cemented Friendship. Two dear ladies engaged in a heated argument over a cake of soap which each

When in doubt, play Harrods—it always turns up trumps in the way of truest economy. A booklet issued by this firm of world-wide fame is called "Baby's Carriage Waits." It guides

claimed. It had not been annexed wilfully, but found in the bath-room of an hotel. The matter was a difficult one, because both ladies used Erasmic, as most women do, for it is so kind to the complexion. It became a question, therefore, of how much

had been used. At last No. 1 lady gave in, because No. 2 lady said "Erasmic" was quite plain on her cake except the "E." The description fitted the disputed cake. Then the disputants became so friendly that each wanted to press the disputed cake of soap on the other. No. 1 lady finally accepted it, and friendship was established. The two became inseparable, and are heard to declare that they always swore by Erasmic as the nicest and best soap in the world, but were more grateful to it than ever now it had founded and cemented their friendship.

Pretty Clothes for Little People.

The little people of to-day are far more sensibly and prettily dressed than were the youngsters

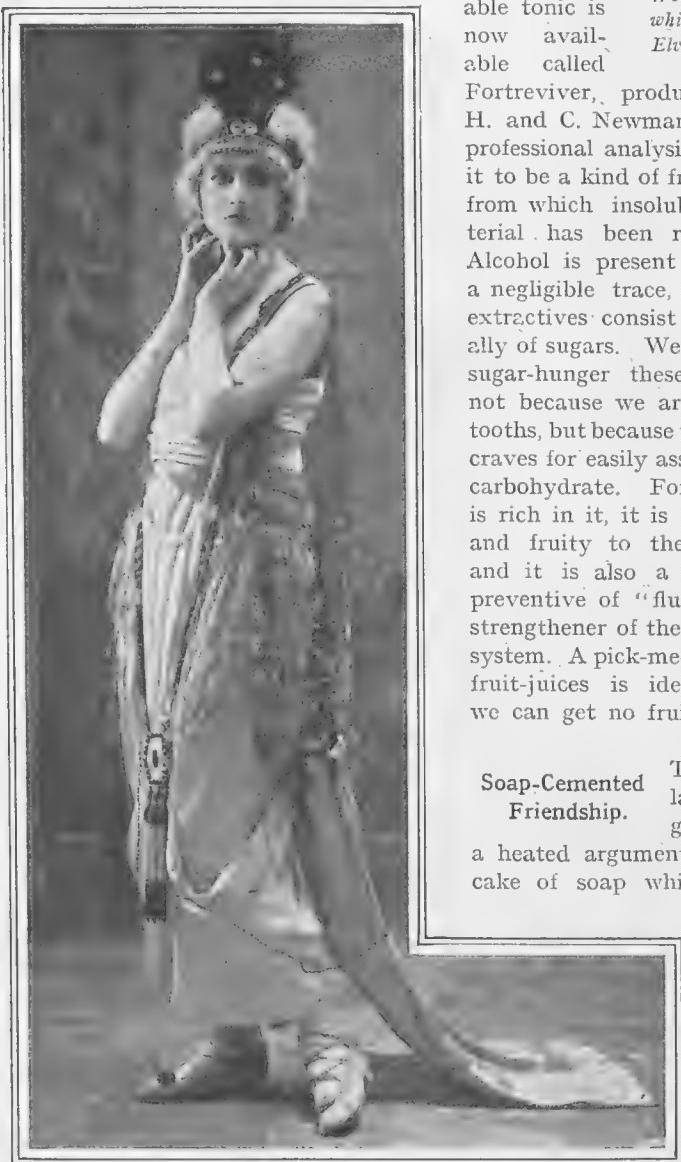
of ten or fifteen years ago. I was in Barri's, 72, Baker Street, the other day, and was amazed at the variety and artistic beauty of the clothes designed for toddlers of both sexes. I like the breeches-and-braces suits of cream-coloured thick silk over shirts of finest lawn for wee boys;

and the little muslin, lace-inserted, and hand-tucked, and baby-ribbon-run dresses for the tiny ladies. I loved the doublet suits for both boys and girls, and the embroidered tabards for boys. Of course, at Barri's dress for mothers and children is the subject of very special study. The success with which it is pursued is proved by the orders from all parts of the world, except the Central Empires, that reach the clever head of the firm by well-nigh every post.

The Rose Colour of Life.

"There is nothing like it! It puts a different and a desirable complexion on one's outlook on life." So said a scholarly-looking friend who gave up his beloved books at the opening of war and went to work at making munitions—a merely mechanical labour which was specially trying to a man of brilliant brains. He nearly broke down, and what saved him was Phosferine, to which he gave the testimony quoted above. Of course, one tried it, and the effect is quite extraordinary. Suddenly one feels pounds better, and then remembers that Phosferine has been the friend in need. It is well to take a course of it, then leave off, and when the world begins to look sombre again take another course, and so you will learn to bless Phosferine and see rose-colour—a shade having no relation to visual red!

The Wedding of Viscount Marsham. We are asked to say that the photographer who supplied us with the photograph of Viscount and Viscountess Marsham on their wedding-day, given in our issue of July 31, had not received permission for it to be published.



What woman could help feeling contented when wearing an evening-dress like this of pink charmeuse trimmed with net and embroidered in gold, and which has Paris at its best stamped all over it?



Very useful for the wet weather, and comfortable to wear owing to its lightness, is this Feather-Weight silk waterproof coat, which can be obtained at Messrs. Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.



A cloak of rare distinction of Nattier blue with gold embroidery about it.



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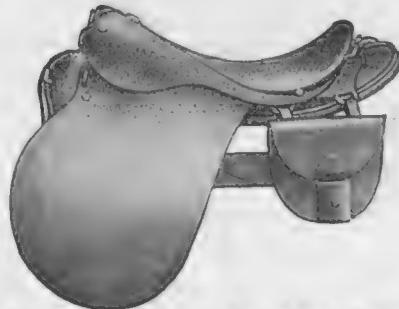
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Exceptionally fine quality SECOND-HAND, GENUINE, and REPRODUCTIONS of ANTIQUE, and various Objects of Art.

THE FURNITURE and FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD., have been favoured with instructions to OFFER for IMMEDIATE PRIVATE SALE the ENTIRE CONTENTS of Several TOWN and COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

A LIMITED NUMBER of PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES ARE NOW READY (sent post free), and should be applied for at once to save disappointment.

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Designed and made by our own workers from rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine. Large collar and full revers, with wide hems inset with fancy stitching. In ivory and black, and a pretty range of new colourings.

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

FURS AT SUMMER PRICES.

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FOOTWEAR
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The
COMBINED LACED
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£7 . 7 . 0
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NEW MILITARY
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The Officers' Guide to
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If you are unable to obtain, write to the
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TRENCH COAT.
THE MOST RELIABLE MILITARY
WATERPROOF PRODUCED.
Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.
Lined Detachable Fleece, Fur,
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SELF PRAISE IS NO RECOMMENDATION.

Extracts from Officers' Letters.

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"I am pleased to inform you that your cavalry
Trench Coats are the only coats of the many we
have tried out here that can stand these tropical
rains."

B.E.F.
"I received a coat about three and a-half
months ago from you, and I may say I have tried
it in all weathers in the trenches, and have never
had one damp tunic since I received it. I have
tried four different coats since I came out here,
and yours has been the only satisfactory one in
all the four."

The originals may be seen by anyone interested.

There is only one AQUASCUTUM
Do not accept inferior imitations.

Infantry .. 5½ guineas.
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Detachable Fleece Lining
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Trench Coat.
Only height and chest
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By Appointment to His Majesty the King.
Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.
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PIGSKIN CIGARETTE CASE.

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No. 591.—**SAM BROWNE BELTS**, One shoulder strap. Best
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No. 5101.—Non-corrosive, bayonet top, concave shape, plated inside, ½ pint... ..	30/-
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Ditto, smaller sizes, 8/6 and 11/6.	

No. 587.—Non-corrosive,
oxidised, bayonet top,
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Extra large and strong,
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Postage 1 Inland 6d. extra. Send for 1918 Illustrated List of Military Equipment.

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JUST now, the shops appointed to sell Delta war time boots and shoes have only low stocks of women's but still have good stocks of men's, and they are selling the men's boots, made before the Government raised the prices, at the old price, 26/3 a pair.

Also they are supplying single boots, rights or lefts, at half the cost of a pair, to

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Agents everywhere

those men who have been so unfortunate as to lose one of their feet: old stock at 13/2 a boot, new stock at 13/9.

They will, too, send to the factory any time for a single boot, should they not have in stock the particular size wanted by a purchaser.

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Ciro

PEARLS
are being added
to valuable pearl
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by gifts to the Red
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Experts have been deceived by the pearls we have substituted.



This is a photographic reproduction of a Ciro Pearl Necklet, also Single Pearl Ring. Price £1.1.0 each. (Including case, 2/- extra.)

Descriptive Booklet No. 5 on request

A Client writes us: "On showing your necklet to a friend this morning he suggested I should send one pearl to the Red Cross, thinking they were real pearls — A tribute to the excellence of your productions."

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or Jewel with Ciro pearls on receipt of £1.1.0. Wear either for a week. Compare it with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls. If you are not satisfied, or if your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

CIRO PEARLS are sold at one price only. Whether a gorgeous string of pearls, a ring, a brooch, a pair of earrings, or any jewel, no matter what size pearl you require, the price is £1.1.0. The mountings are as exquisite as if the pearls were genuine.

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These useful and becoming tea-gowns are adapted from exclusive Paris models by our own skilled workers, in good quality materials. The prices are exceptionally moderate.

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Charming New Model in heavy Crêpe-de-Chine. Set trimmed dainty Filet Lace. Hand-embroidered birds in black and self colour. Chemise slotted in waist with ribbon. Colours: Ivory, Pink, Sky, Champagne, Helio. £3 3s. Nightdress to match £3 3s. Camisole to match ... 12/11

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A SOFT, velvety lather—cleansing the skin of all impurities—and a delicate yet lingering perfume, the very spirit of the rose itself. These are the qualities that distinguish Savon June Roses above all other Toilet Soaps. If it were not so worthy it might be less costly, but it could not be cheaper and be what it is.

Single Tablet, in Box . . . 2/7 (Postage 2½d.)
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DESIGNED on the lines of the latest Paris models from rich quality materials, and suitable for both afternoon and restaurant wear.

DAINTY FROCK, in rich quality Lyons Silk Chiffon Velvet. Simple bodice and straight hanging skirt with front of rich quality silk brocade and fringed sash of soft ribbon. In black and a few good colours.

Special Price 8½ Gns.

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should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

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Though well-worn or even shabby, a Sporting Suit or Coat or Costume made of the incomparable

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This gentle art is very simple, fascinating, and profitable. Just sit down and write an original verse about

FLAPPER SARDINES

A Limerick, if you can, or four lines, like—
"Equal to bacon, streaky or lean,
The excellent, succulent, 'Flapper Sardine'
Equal to butter and equal to beef:
The housekeeper's constant joy and relief."

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"Flapper" Sardines are guaranteed the true, genuine Sardine, specially prepared in pure, rich oil. Savoury, substantial, the harvest of southerly seas, beloved of the connoisseur.

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A New Combie of Crêpe, inlet contrast coloured Georgette or Ninon.

(As sketch)

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Dainty Cap, to match . . . 19/6
In all shades.

Delightful openworked best Silk Hose, in ivory, sky, pink, helio, champ., rose, lawn, gold, steel and grey . . . 21/- per pair.

Madame Venn has now presented an "UNDIE SET" each, to CONCERT PARTIES of the following:—
57th Div., H.M.S. "Carysforth," H.M. Hospital Ship "Soudan," 32nd Div., 5th Army, H.M.S. "Campania," 58th Div., 24th Div., 11th Div. and 4th Div., each embroidered with DIVISIONAL SIGN or EMBLEM, and representing "The Venn Girl." Further applications will receive consideration on merits.

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"A spark neglected makes a mighty fire." —HERRICK.



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When lack of exercise, excessive brain-work or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired—depressed—a little

“FRUIT SALT”^{TRADE MARK.}

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure and the nerves normal. Sound, refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most reliable digestive regulator.

Remember that "FRUIT SALT" has for upwards of forty years been known by the Trade and the Public to mean the saline preparation of J. C. ENO, and no other.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. WHEN YOU ASK FOR 'FRUIT SALT' SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, Pomeroy St., LONDON, S.E.

BOYD'S Improved PATENT ELASTIC PUTTEES

Boyd's Elastic Puttees

are made from the finest Egyptian Cotton and best Para Rubber, and, being elastic, they grip the leg and assist the normal action of the veins and muscles. There is no sense of leg-weariness or foot-heaviness as when wearing ordinary puttees, which require to be tightly wound to keep in position.

Boyd's Improved Patent Puttees are woven to the shape of the leg and are neat and smart in appearance.

They are very durable, waterproofed, and are both reversible and interchangeable. Fastened by patent Hooks top and bottom, making them easy to put on and take off.

Boyd's Elastic Puttees are claimed to be a preventive against and cure for varicose veins

**CAVALRY, 12/6
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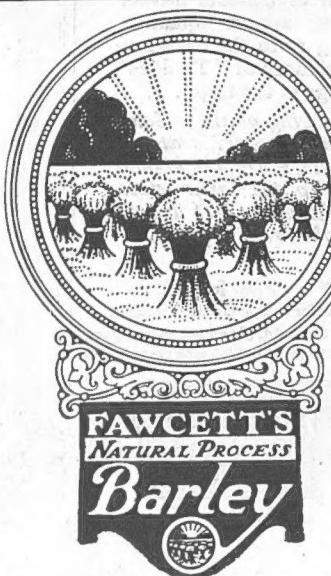
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